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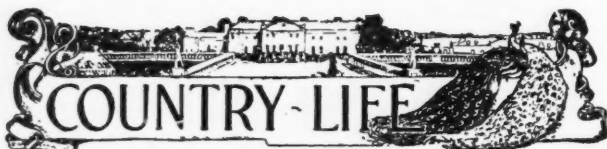
[PRICE SIXPENCE.
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MISS ALICE HUGHES,

MRS. DEANE WILLIS AND HER CHILD.

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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ENGLAND'S DUTY . . TO HER SOLDIERS.

AFTER every considerable war the returned soldier becomes a familiar figure. What he was in old time is best known perhaps from Sterne's familiar picture of My Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim; but Tristram's relative and his faithful servant are seen in the most favourable light. Others came back to town and country, the favoured few only to a cosy ingle-nook, where they poised their crutches like sabres and showed to an admiring circle how they "fit the French." That was the romantic side of the matter. It was true in cases, but the stern reality was sadder and harder. The old soldier very often found that there was nothing left him but the road; and he could enter it in one of two capacities—as a beggar or a highwayman. Full evidence could be adduced to show that in either capacity there was no lack of resolute ruffians equally fit to cut throats or purses, beg or steal. The men were not to be blamed for falling into evil courses. War at that time was a trade, and peace threw those that followed it out of occupation. Many were cripples, because wounds were not easily healed before the days of antiseptic treatment. A compound fracture could not be dealt with except by amputation or neglect, and this accounts for the number of cripples we read of. Patched, supported by crutches, full of strange oaths picked up in the Low Countries, the returned soldier was a terror to civilised households. In those days the country did not recognise that it owed much to the soldier. He had been paid to fight and take the risks of fighting, and if he came back disabled and found it difficult or impossible to settle down into regular work, it was considered that this was only part of his bargain. England was certainly not worse than other countries

in this respect, for everywhere it was the same. He who had served his country might think himself lucky if on his return any opportunity at all was afforded of scratching together an honest livelihood. Many found their end in the workhouse, or the Bastille, as it was called with bitter humour in the country. Deplorable this state of things must have been, and was, yet that it occurred is shown by the records of many a quiet rural parish.

Things have very much changed now, and it would be intolerable were the returned soldiers of the twentieth century to be neglected as they were in the eighteenth. Nor is the alteration one due only to the lapse of time. It is caused in large measure by the reformation of the Army and the consequent formation of a large body of Reservists. The soldiers that served under Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener were, in many respects, better placed than were those who had to obey Lord Wellington or the Duke of Marlborough. On active service they are far better clothed, fed, and cared for generally, and the medical and hospital arrangements are a thousand times better than could have been dreamed of in the eighteenth century. But the short-time service, though we are far from denying its advantages, has the effect of throwing more able-bodied men out of employment than any of the systems that preceded it. When the war broke out many instances were recorded in the papers of the loyal and gallant manner in which Reservists came forward before they were called on, and for doing so they deserved and received much praise. But now that the war has ended, the onus of showing patriotism has been thrown on the other side. It is officially calculated that after all due allowance has been made for those for whom places will be found, about 50,000 men from South Africa will shortly be thrown upon the labour market. This is independent of those whose places are being kept open for them through the kindness of employers. And it must not be thought that the work of finding employment for them will be at all easy. Between April 1st, 1901, and March, 1902, the number of men registered at Buckingham Street, Strand, the headquarters of the National Association for the Employment of Reserve Soldiers, was 6,622; but although the labour market was said to be depleted, employment was found for only 4,209, leaving 2,413 out of work. Very nearly ten men are coming back for every one who then was in want of work, and it stands to reason that the difficulty of the situation has vastly increased. There are employers, such as the Great Eastern Railway Company and the Great Northern Railway Company, that have kept places open, but, as we have said, when these have been allowed for, there are still about 50,000 for whom provision has to be made.

Under these circumstances an appeal has been issued by the aforesaid association, and it will ill become the country to disregard it. The gist of it is that all employers desiring men of proved character should apply to Buckingham Street, Strand. We think that from every possible point of view that request should be very strongly supported. First and foremost it is good business. Reserve men have already shown that when put in responsible posts and trusted they are well worth their wages. It is not necessary now to stop for the purpose of dwelling on the sorts of employment suitable to them. Large offices and shops have found that out for themselves. But for once we want men of business to take rather more than a business view. No one can find fault with the patriotism already shown by them. At the beginning of the war not only many semi-public but many private firms readily agreed to a sacrifice in order that there might be no let or hindrance in the way of those who wished to go to the front. Is it too much to ask that they will extend this admirable spirit to those who have returned? We have no doubt at all but that those who require services such as Reservists can render will ask for them; but for once more is required. If private individuals and great companies will try not how many men they can do without, but what number they can take into employment, and stretch a point wherever it is possible to have an extra man or two, they will certainly be conferring a great obligation on their fellow-countrymen. As a nation it behoves us to see that those who have so nobly fought for their country should be saved from the ranks of the unemployed. It will be all the more to our credit if this is accomplished, as we are sure it may be, by means of voluntary effort. We may add that the Reservists will begin to arrive in large numbers during the present month of July, but as they will get a six weeks' furlough it will be towards the end of September or beginning of October that the pinch will arise. There is plenty of time to make arrangements therefore.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

OUR frontispiece this week will have a special interest for country readers, as it is a photograph of the wife of Mr. Deane Willis, whose magnificent herd of short-horns is described in the present issue. Mrs. Deane Willis is the eldest daughter of S. J. Taunton, Esq., of Fugglestone House near Salisbury. We also show a portrait of Lady Margaret Orr-Ewing and her child.

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AS we go to press it is announced with a show of authority that the postponed Coronation is to take place in August. The first feeling of those who hear it will be one of relief to feel sure the King is well enough to render this proposal a practical one. For the rest, the sooner the function is over the better for everybody, including those who have some love of London and do not like the wooden masks (now so ugly that they have been stripped bare again) of the principal streets. As long as it is hanging over us the difficulty of settling down to business must be very great. Then August is the quietest time of the year in the metropolis, and the dislocation of trade then will be less than in any other month. It is not likely, and not even desirable, that any attempt should be made to produce a pageant equal to that first planned. The King can scarcely be strong enough to be subjected to a very trying ordeal, and probably the advice of his physicians will be to get through the ceremony as simply and quietly as possible. To fall in with this idea will be the kindest, though it may not be the most exuberant, way of showing our loyalty.

His Majesty the King and his chief herdsman, Mr. Tait, deserve to be heartily congratulated on their brilliant success at Carlisle. On another page some account is given of the noteworthy duel between the celebrated shorthorn Royal Duke and C.I.V., a young rival that has sprung up under the fostering care of Mr. Deane Willis. At Reading the honours were awarded to the two year old, but fashion in shorthorns has a geographical fluctuation, and at Carlisle the King has come to his own again. But really it is of little consequence which is first. Those two shorthorns are what the owner of a facile pen, to wit, the newspaper reporter, calls "phenomenal," and while some would prefer C.I.V. and others Royal Duke, all will admit that it is no disgrace for one to be beaten by the other. We all know His Majesty's very keen appreciation of a hard contest, and no doubt it will cheer his sick-bed to learn of this triumph, all the more so because it is only one of a brilliant series. Five first prizes, two seconds, three thirds, and the championship of the male classes for shorthorns constitute a record of which even the King may be proud.

As far as we have seen, two opinions have not been expressed in regard to the indiscretion of Sir Redvers Buller in insisting upon the publication of the full text of the Colenso and Ladysmith messages. We now learn authoritatively that he suggested that General White should fire away his ammunition and make what terms he could with the enemy. That is to say, the relieving and commanding officer wholly lost heart, and admitted as much both to the garrison and the Home authorities. On the other hand, the head of the beleaguered forces replied with a stoutness and good cheer that must for ever endear him to the heart of the nation. "Things may look brighter," he replied to the despairing message of General Buller. "The loss of 12,000 men here would be a heavy loss to England. We must not yet think of it." The practical answer of Downing Street was to supersede General Buller and send out Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. Such are the bare facts, and it appears to us an act of moral suicide for Sir Redvers Buller to keep dinning them into the public ear. He has many qualities to make him beloved by his countrymen, and the majority would very gladly forget this painful episode if he would but allow them to do so.

Mr. A. J. Balfour's definite announcement that an Autumn Session is to be held, will not be regarded as cheerful news by those legislators whose hearts are fixed on their estates and on country pursuits. We may take it that the session will begin in October, and if so it is to be hoped that the House will rise before August 12th, so as to enable those wearied with its arduous duties to have a chance of recuperating in glen and corrie. But October is a bad month to leave the country. It is

the time of cub-hunting, and some would rather lose all the rest of the year than those delightful mornings among the dew-laden discolouring leaves. Partridge shooting is then at its best, at least to those who do not care to go heart and soul into it during the close muggy days of September. No doubt pheasants are, to a large extent, reserved till Christmas, yet there are outlying coppices to be shot over, and usually many pleasant days in the chill month. Again, then the landowner with a sense of his responsibilities usually has a little time to chat with his tenants and hear their grievances, walk out with his agent, and learn for himself what improvements are needed. He has no reason to like an Autumn Session.

At the Constitutional Club on Monday night Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with a poet's eye and the skill of a great orator, drew a fine contrast between the more or less barbaric empires of old, held together only by force, and the *Civis Romanus sum* that is racial and our Empire joined only by freedom and allegiance to the King. We English are not a very imaginative people, nor do we worship *la gloire* as do our neighbours across the Channel. On the contrary, when doing great things most of our leisure is employed in grumbling at the expense and worry and bother. A Sir Wilfrid Laurier is needed occasionally to remind us what a very magnificent "show"—the slang is inevitable—is this British Empire. No one who was at the dinner in question could, however, fail to appreciate the position when the men from the colonies, who seemed to bring a waft of oversea air with them, joined their pride in it to ours. Perhaps the most practicable suggestion was that the colonies should unite in helping us to make the Fleet worthy of its world-wide control. Undoubtedly this is a key to the situation. England's rivals are well aware of it, and are sparing no pains or expense to at least equal our maritime armament.

Mr. Chamberlain's resolution not to upset the Government of Cape Colony, though it has given umbrage to those who are over-zealous, nevertheless appears to have been a wise and well-considered step. On the Colonial Premiers and others personally interested in the King's dominions beyond the seas it has had a very wholesome effect. They recognise in it the wish of the Government to avoid force and trust to the natural tie that binds the various parts of the Empire. Under present circumstances it is most prudent to avoid anything that will have the appearance of the exercise of force, as that would only be to encourage conspiracy or, at least, provide an excuse for it.

It would be unreasonable to expect that great statesmen should have more immunity from accidents than other people, but that will not hinder the country from sympathising with the Colonial Secretary. Mr. Chamberlain just now is at the very summit of his career. Complete success has crowned his policy of the last few years, and this fact is abundantly realised by his countrymen. Beyond that his personality is liked. Nobody exaggerates this either. The faults and foibles of "Joe" are freely discussed by his most ardent admirers. But they see beneath his little idiosyncrasies such sterling ability and indomitable pluck, that not all the raving of his enemies, who are neither few nor bashful, is even able to disturb in the slightest degree the deep-seated faith in Mr. Chamberlain. Luckily this seems no very serious accident, but the mere revelation of what might possibly happen caused something like consternation. There is no one else we could so ill spare at the moment.

Hidden away in a corner of the *Times*, in an account of the speeches at Rugby School—hardly likely to be read by any save those who are personally interested in the great school of Arnold, Temple, Perceval, Jex-Blake, and James, of whom the last is by no means the least—is a good and true story which ought not to be allowed to escape notice. It appears that, when the Archbishop was travelling down to Rugby on Monday morning, a fussy fellow-passenger enquired of a railway porter (who, of course, did not know the right answer) whether the train stopped at Rugby. Thereupon the passenger said: "What? Not stop at Rugby? Why, it must! There is the head-master!" As a matter of fact, Dr. Temple ceased to be head-master of Rugby as long ago as 1863, from which it would appear that he must have made a very deep impression upon at least one of his pupils, mentally or otherwise. The manly endurance of the Archbishop is really astonishing. Born in 1821, he was able to go through an exhausting day on Monday without a trace of fatigue, save that he asked to remain in the chapel after the special service. He appeared, however, at luncheon a few minutes later full of merriment and energy.

All the King's dinners seem to have been a complete success except that at Chelsea, concerning which a correspondent writes: "There appears to be some controversy between the Mayor of Chelsea and the *Times* on the subject of the King's

dinner at Chelsea, but you will possibly allow me to state, as an eye-witness, that the Mayor is wrong and the special correspondent of the *Times* is right. There were certainly not nearly enough helpers. The crowd of guests, although well-conducted at first, became disorderly and abusive afterwards; the ladies who acted as stewards were compelled to ladle out tinned beef and potatoes with their hands, because no spoons or forks were provided; forms broke; and discontent was rampant. The Mayor would have been wise to keep silent, for under his letter of protest, appeared a trenchant letter from one of the stewards supporting the statement of the *Times* correspondent."

A visit to Kew just now will provide a valuable object-lesson in what may be done to make rough ground beautiful, and will at the same time be a real treat to him who makes it. On the east side of the Pagoda vista will be found what was once a gravel-pit, but is now really a dream of beauty. There all the leading varieties of climbing and rampant roses, Wichuriana, Crimson Rambler, Carmine Pillar, the rugosas, and all the rest of them, are allowed practically to grow and toss themselves about at their own sweet will, being pruned very little, and that only by removing the old flowering shoots as soon as they are over, the young growth being left for the next year. The result is at its best now, but it will be good to the end of the month at least.

We are indebted to our contemporary the *Garden* for the following advance extract from a very interesting letter of a correspondent touching the cherry harvest: "The well-known Sittingbourne district is admitted to be the best in Kent this year, and for some of the choice orchards high prices have been obtained. The fruit in some of these fetched as much as £33 per acre on the trees, whereas, in seasons of average crops, £20 per acre would be considered a good price. It will be admitted that £33 is not a bad return from an acre of ground, taking into consideration that the purchaser has to pay all the after expenses of picking and transit. Labour does not appear to be any too plentiful either, and I have heard several complaints of the scarcity of pickers, which may be accounted for to some extent by the fact that the cherry and the hay harvest come together, and each demands its supply of labour."

MODERN SPANISH PAINTERS.

In burning suns they dip their eager brush,
These painters of Grenada and Seville.
A hush is on their landscapes, but the hush
Of heavy, languorous days, when life grows still
With heat's excess, and drowsy shepherds urge
Their flocks 'neath heaven's blue from verge to verge.

Beauty, for them, is passionate, intense
With virile hues—a woman who can bear
Your glance, as free from conscious reticence
As nodding roses in a dancer's hair;
And garb'd with radiant colours that befit
A form so subtle, lithe, and exquisite.

Ah, how their glowing fabrics take the light!
The purple, priestly robe, the scarlet sash,
The sapphire velvet—all as pure and bright
As tulip buds!—the brilliant, fiery flash
Of brass or jewels, chalice, scone, and rood,
So rapturously seized and understood.

And yet sometimes we weary of it all,
The senses ache, so vehemently allured.
Our simpler souls for simple visions call:
It is a burden not to be endured,
The passion of that fierce, despotic sun,
Which slays the flowers it kindled one by one.

Let us go down beside the silvery pool
Or aspen-shaded stream our painters love.
There, deep in grass, contented, quiet, cool,
To watch the clouds that, changing as they move,
Compose the soft dream-pictures of the skies,
So fresh, so dear to tired Northern eyes.

LAURA ACKROYD.

Almost the worst thing about cases like *Rignold v. Curzon*, really an action for wrongful dismissal successfully brought by Mr. Lionel Rignold against the manager of the Strand Theatre, is that it establishes no general rule, but the worst thing is that people will think that it does. The plaintiff alleged that he had been unreasonably dismissed; the defendant's case was that the plaintiff persisted in disobedience and in introducing gags which were forbidden. The jury decided that the plaintiff was in the right and awarded to him £400, being influenced, no doubt, largely by the fact that whereas the plaintiff's salary was £31 15s. per week, that of his successor was £10 to £12. The quarrel appears to have been violent and even unlovely; but it unfortunately does not decide the question whether an actor is entitled to introduce gags at his pleasure or not; it only decides that the jury believed Mr. Rignold rather than Mr. Curzon.

The report of the Betting Commission, as was inevitable, is vague, and offers no solution of a difficult question. Most people are agreed that excessive gambling is an unmixed evil. It is most undesirable that clerks and shop-boys, with slender means of livelihood, should take to this problematic manner of adding to their income, because, in a considerable proportion of cases, it leads to dishonesty. But, on the other hand, there is no commandment against betting, nor can anyone show that it is immoral. Suppose two men have each a £5 note on which no one has a claim; if they care to risk the amount on the issue of a horse-race, the spin of a coin, or the turn-up of a card, the Law and the State have no business to interfere. The preacher might argue that the amusement is silly, that it would be wiser to give the money to the poor, and no doubt this would be a counsel of perfection; but he could not show that it was an immoral act, as, say, stealing is immoral. But when legislation cannot be directed against an act in itself, but only against the abuse to which it leads, those who are drawing it up have a very difficult task set them. And it is at all times necessary to be on guard against faddists and extremists. For example, the proposal to prohibit papers from publishing the odds is high-handed in the extreme, and never would have been tolerated.

It is disappointing to learn, just after congratulating ourselves that rabies had been completely stamped out of Britain, that it has broken out somewhat severely in Wales. Several counties are affected, more especially Carmarthen and Pembroke, with parts of Brecon, Cardigan, and Glamorgan. The Board of Agriculture has issued an order prohibiting the removal of dogs from the district comprised in these counties, and has issued other regulations which will probably stamp out the evil before long. In the meanwhile dog-lovers will do well to keep clear of these parts with their favourites, for, once across the bounds, the animals will have to remain there for some length of time, whether their owners must leave or not.

The National Rifle Association has decided to enter a team for the Palma Centennial Trophy, which is shot for in Canada this year. Major T. E. Fremantle will captain the team, which will consist of twelve in all, four as reserves, and eight as shooters to be selected just before the competition. The qualification is by birth, but England, Scotland, and Ireland may be represented, and probably will be so represented, in the team, which is considered as a national unit, at the forthcoming competition. Shooting is to be by each team with its own national weapon. Civilians are admissible. Candidates for selection in the team are desired to send their names and statements of their qualifications to the Adjutant, British Team, Bisley, Brookwood, Surrey. It is proposed that a competition shall be held to determine the selection. The team will sail for Canada in the week of August 3rd, and will be away about five weeks. The National Rifle Association is raising a subscription to cover the expenses, which are estimated at something over one thousand pounds. The Canadian team is the present holder of the trophy of this competition, which last year was shot in the United States.

That all games are good when they are well played, is a maxim that certainly would have been endorsed by anyone watching the final match in the doubles at the late lawn tennis championships. The brothers Doherty had held the doubles championship for five successive years—more than that, they had beaten the very famous American pair—and it was not doubted that they would add a sixth successive win to their score. This they failed to do; but only just failed, after a match in which the deciding set actually was called at nine games all, a match in which the winners won thirty-three games to the thirty of the losers. In themselves these are emphatic figures as to the excellence and interest of the match; but really there was more of these qualities than mere figures show. The contest exhibited the comparative methods so strikingly. The brothers Doherty play a very similar game; their victors, Mr. Smith and Mr. Riseley, have distinctly different qualities of style, that supplement each other to perfection, the former always working from the back line, and the latter seizing every occasion of a killing volley. Since the match of the brothers Doherty against Mr. Ward and Mr. Dwight-Davis, no such interesting lawn tennis has been seen.

The fortunes of the fisherman, always doubtful, seldom have been the sport of so much caprice of the weather as in this present spring. The cold winds of May prevented either fish or fly from rising as they should, but just at the end of the month and early in June a few warm days changed all that, and the Test, the Itchen, and all the streams, both from the chalk and from less limpid sources, fished very well indeed. There is always something not quite right, and the wind seems to have bothered the dry-fly people at Stockbridge. And then came broken weather again, thunder-storms and so on, and little good to be done in fishing. *Old Moore's Almanack* comes out well in

its forecast this year—evil weather up to the middle of June virtually is his prophecy, and then a great change for the better. Let us hope he will be as correct for the later months as for the earlier.

Great expectations existed as to the success of rainbow trout in the Westmeath Lakes, but up to this these expectations have not been realised. A number of these fish were turned out in Lough Owel a couple of years ago, but with the exception of two or three fish they have not been seen since. One nice rainbow, over a couple of pounds in weight, was taken by an English visitor to the lakes a few days ago. The growth which this fish had made and its excellent condition show that the rainbow trout should be a great acquisition. But what has become of the others that were turned out?

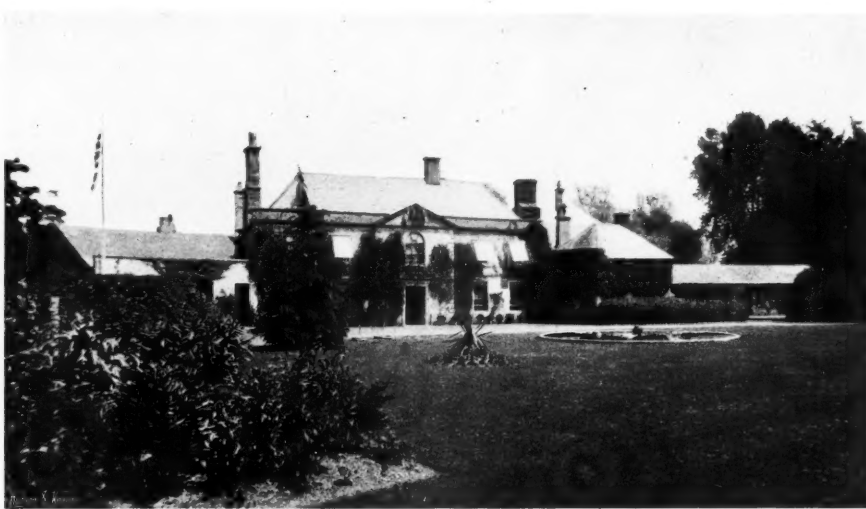
A very good suggestion is made in a recent number of the *Automotor Journal* to the effect that a register should be kept of really qualified drivers of motors. The Automobile Club is proposing, as we understand, to institute some such register. In

the present "boom" of motoring, it is hardly possible but that the demand for drivers should exceed the supply of those who are efficient, and it will be a great boon to know where to turn for reliable references.

Another cherished delusion has yielded to the searchlight of the antiquarian investigator. We had always been content to believe that the phrase in the vagrant's Litany, "From Hull, H-ll, and Halifax, Good Lord deliver us," had its origin in a mixture of profane alliteration and the obvious fitness of things. Now somebody writes to a contemporary pointing out that the original saying was, "From Hull, Elland, Halifax," and that it is traceable to the severity of the laws against cloth stealing in those places. "It is," he says, "only just to the fair fame of three Yorkshire towns that a correction should be made." Of course, of course; but it is sad to think how natural the old and erroneous explanation seemed to those who knew Hull and Halifax. One of these fine days we shall be informed seriously that Holyhead, like half-a-dozen other places or more, is not really the last place made by the Creator.

MR DEANE WILLIS'S SHORTHORNS.

BAPTON, which is passing into the nomenclature of shorthorn cattle, and becoming as familiar as Collingwood, Kirklevington, or Sittyton, is the name of the country seat of Mr. Deane Willis. The Manor is in the Vale of Wylde, not far from Wylde Station, and in the parish of Codford St. Mary, which, as the parish councillor said, is "contagious" to Salisbury. The estate possesses much of the scenic charm associated with the Wiltshire Downland, but one would scarcely select it for the special purpose of grazing cattle, as the light soil resting on chalk holds small promise of good feed. Looking from a commanding down over the breadth of several estates one finds the natural green diversified with tints of the poppy, the moon daisy, the wild mustard, hues more satisfactory to the landscape painter than to the farmer. However, as a good workman is independent of his tools, so a born breeder can succeed almost anywhere; and without making odious comparisons, it may be said at once that there is no finer herd of beef shorthorns in England than that belonging



BAPTON MANOR.

to Mr. Deane Willis. We lay the emphasis on beef because some owners, notable among whom is Lord Rothschild, are giving all their attention to developing the milking properties of the breed, and do not show where the importance of dairy points is not fully recognised. Mr. Deane Willis represents the other side, and works exclusively for beef. His story as a breeder is most interesting. The taste was not inherited, and simply grew on him

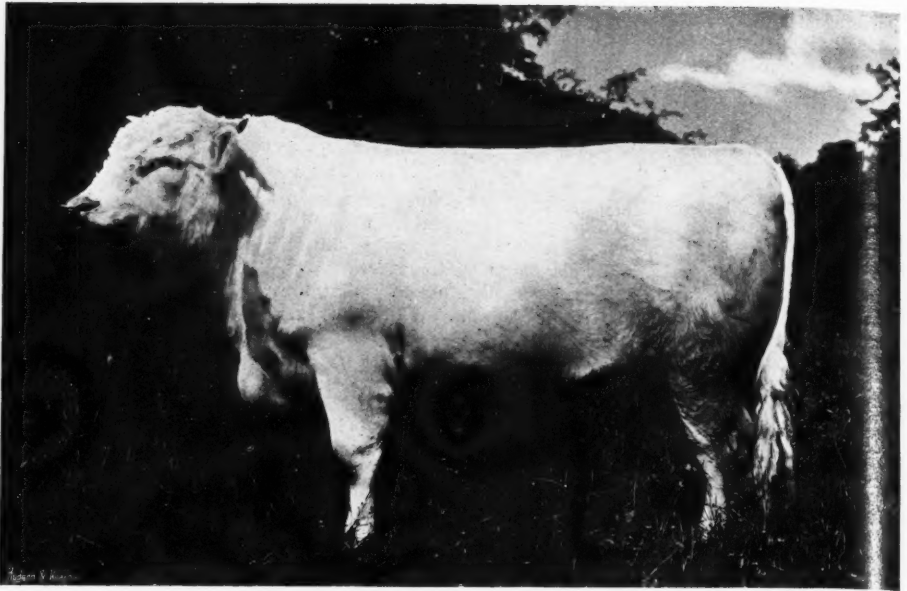
by degrees. About fifteen years ago, while his father still was living, he exhibited one shorthorn, and was immensely pleased to be able to carry away a prize of one guinea. Since then his cattle have won 1,095 prizes, amounting in total value to over £8,000—an immense sum if we consider the usual modest dimensions of such awards.

The herd originated in the purchase in 1890 of thirty-two heifers from the famous Sittyton herd of Mr. Amos Cruickshank. For these Mr. Willis paid £3,200, or an average of £100 apiece, and he relates with zest how he telegraphed for his father's permission to complete the bargain and the advice given him.



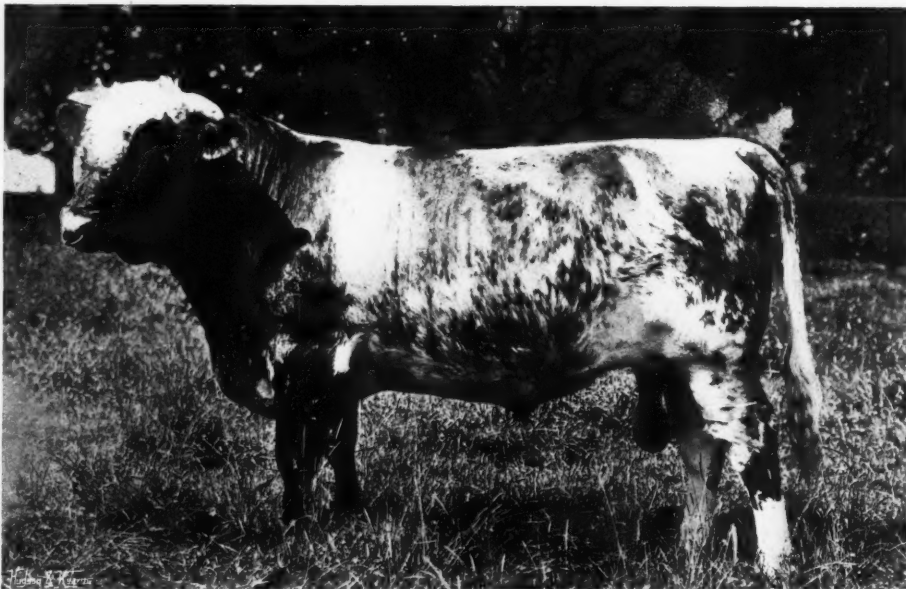
COWS AT GRASS.

After deep consideration the bulls chosen for use in the herd were Count Lavender, a great winning bull of his day, bred by Mr. W. Duthie, and Captain of the Guard, a red bull bred by Mr. Cruickshank. The result completely justified the sagacity of those who had worked out this arrangement, and the offspring of these bulls and heifers soon began to win wherever they were exhibited. No doubt there was another factor in the welcome change of climate. At that time, it is generally conceded, breeding was too much in-and-in. The average breeder had his Bates blood or his Booth blood and stuck to it. Mr. Willis is not himself a great advocate of crossing, but the complete change of climate appears to have produced the invigorating effect often expected from a cross. Scotch owners have found it answer well to reverse the process and to take back to Scotland new blood from Bapton Manor. In regard to crossing, the experience of Mr. Willis is that the introduction of blood from other tribes is not always successful in the first instance, but tells when the produce of the first cross is bred from. However, his principles will be apparent from a brief account of a few of the more remarkable animals at present in the herd. First and foremost comes, of course, the white bull C.I.V., who created so much sensation at Reading by beating the King's great bull Royal Duke. Some exception was taken to the judging on that occasion. The objectors complained of the shortness of neck in C.I.V., but probably that was the first occasion on which a short neck was considered a defect in a shorthorn bull. As a matter of fact the animal is in his finest bloom as a two year old and the other, as a four year old, is past his bloom. Both are magnificent animals, and a finer struggle than that between them was never seen in a show-ring. Most of us would like to see the King win



WHITE SHORTHORN BULL, C.I.V.

everything just now, but, loyalty apart, and considering the animals simply as shorthorns, the reversal of the verdict at Carlisle is surprising. Curiously enough, the only previous occasion on



BAPTON FLORIST.

which Royal Duke had to be content with second was at the Maidstone Show, when he was beaten by one of Mr. Deane Willis's yearlings, afterwards sold to the United States for 800 guineas. The sire of C.I.V. was Brave Archer, a champion bull sold by Mr. Deane Willis for £1,250 to go to the United States, and his dam was Carnation, a winner of many prizes, who came from the Cruickshank Crocustride. Her sire was Count Lavender, men-

tioned above. One of the most successful of show bulls, he won fifty-three first and champion prizes, and was hired for one season by her late Majesty Queen Victoria for use in the herd at Windsor. At present C.I.V. is only twenty-three months old, and yet the following extraordinary list of prizes has gone to his credit:

1901.

First and champion Lincoln.
First Essex.
First and champion shorthorn bull Newport.
First and champion Chippenham.

1902.

First and champion Bath and West.
First and champion Wiltshire.
First and champion Essex.
First and champion Royal Counties.

At Reading he won the King's prize for the best shorthorn, beating His Majesty's Royal Duke. Such a record must be well-nigh unprecedented at his age, and the best of it is that he has every appearance of maintaining it in days to come. Looked at at home, with his magnificent wide front, back as level as a billiard-table, and heavy buttocks, he is well-nigh faultless, and every inch a champion shorthorn.



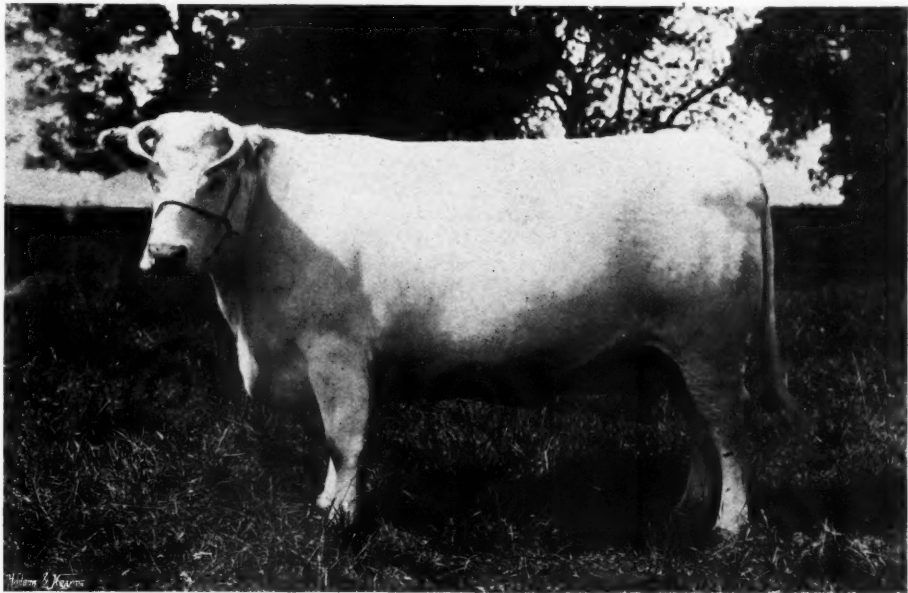
YEARLING HEIFERS.

Bapton Florist is almost as good a bull as C.I.V. He is aged sixteen months, and his sire is that good bull Silver Plate, at present hired by the King for use at Windsor. His dam is Moon Daisy, one of the old Daisy tribe which has furnished so many prize-winners. Bapton Florist also has had a distinguished show career, having won first prize at the following exhibitions—Chippenham, Oxford, Bath and West, Wiltshire, Royal Counties, and Norfolk. Also he has been on two occasions reserve to C.I.V. for the championship. The history of Bapton Sapphire illustrates the richness of the herd which can afford to dispense with so many first-rate animals and yet maintain a leading place.

His sire Bapton Diamond won a first prize as a calf at the Great Yorkshire Show and Mr. Deane Willis sold him for £500. He has just been resold to go to the United States for £1,000. The dam of Sapphire (who is just eight months old) is Golden Gift. She was first at the Royal, and was afterwards sold by Mr. Deane Willis for £400. She comes of a famous Cruickshank tribe much favoured by Mr. Willis, the Brawish Buds. Bapton Sapphire was shown for the first time at the Essex Show, when he carried off the first prize for his class. A herd with three such bulls in it as C.I.V., Bapton Florist, and Bapton Sapphire would be noteworthy for the fact itself, but these are only examples drawn from many others.

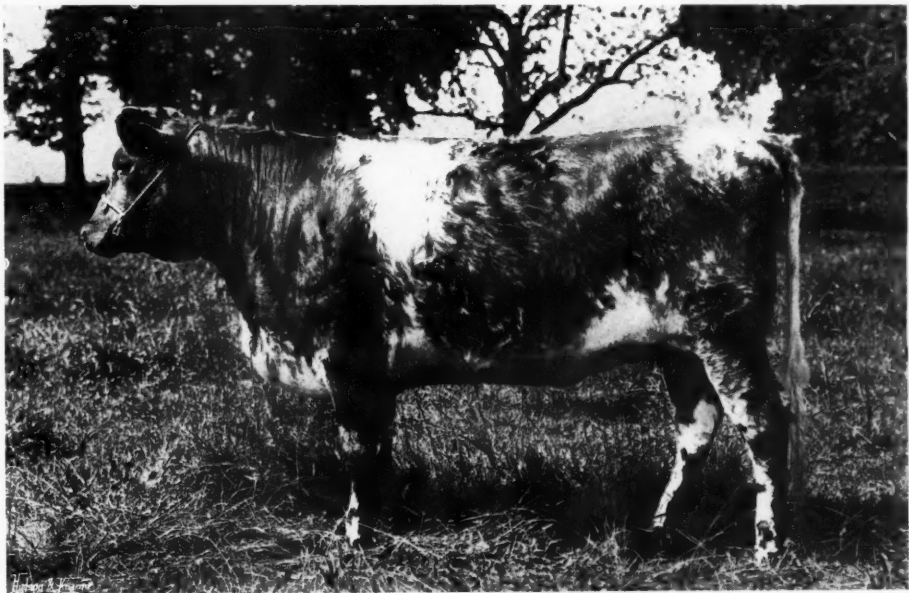
The record of the cows is almost as brilliant as that of the bulls. White Heather, for instance, is one of the greatest show cows of modern times, having taken no fewer than thirty first prizes and ten championships, including that at the Royal, along with those at the other large shows of 1901, and in the present year she at Oxford won championship honours for the best animal of any breed in the show. She was also first at the Bath and West, and first at Norfolk. Block-shaped as she is and the ideal of a butcher's cow, it will be noticed that White Heather has a well-shaped udder and other signs of possessing those dairy possibilities that are always ready to be developed in the shorthorn breed. Malmaison is a pretty fifteen months old heifer with an unbeaten record. Her sire is Bapton Florist, and her dam another of the famous Daisy tribe, Wiltshire Daisy. She has been shown at Oxford, Bath and West, Wiltshire, Royal Counties, and Norfolk, in every case carrying off the first prize. Perhaps the most substantial proof of the eminence of this herd is the extent to which it has been drawn upon by the best collections of shorthorns in the country, notably by His Majesty the King, whose manager, Mr. Tait, has as thorough an understanding of the principles of breeding cattle as any man in England. Some of the most distinguished cattle at both Sandringham and Windsor hailed originally from Bapton Manor. The American breeders, too, continually have their eyes fixed on it. Only the other day six of the heifers seen in the group photographed in the field were sold to a United States buyer for £100 apiece, and a very high bid has been made for C.I.V. But it is always a delicate matter to decide about selling an animal of outstanding merit like this white bull. He is the product not of a single happy mating, but of years of careful and skilful breeding. And, again, in the case of a man like Mr. Deane Willis, with whom the breeding of shorthorns is not a mercantile adventure but a hobby and pastime, the pleasure of ownership is worth a great deal in itself. Further, in the building up of a herd it is essential that the best bulls should be used, and it will be very interesting to notice what impress this magnificent animal leaves on his stock. Mr. Willis is greatly inclined to favour the use of young bulls, and as pedigree stock exists largely for the purpose of being sold, it is not a rash guess that when C.I.V. has won a few more laurels and has had his period at the stud he will have to make way for some of the promising youngsters that always are coming on at Bapton. The continual purchase of the cream of our herds by American breeders of course opens up a very large

question. For years the beef they sent over to us was of such inferior quality that it scarcely came into competition with the best of that produced at home. Now, however, that they possess so many of the very best animals bred in England, this can no longer be said. And that again shows the far-reaching effects of pedigree stock raising. The bulls and heifers that go abroad are exercising a great influence in the way of improving the cattle of the world. We have been so much engaged in recounting the triumphs of the beasts as to have curtailed the space that might have been devoted to their surroundings. But really there is not much to tell. It is not by elegant buildings and the adoption of new



WHITE HEATHER.

appliances that success is attained. The phrase with which one would describe the cowhouses and outbuildings, which are all adjacent and convenient to the house, is that they are thoroughly right. Nothing looks very new, but all is clean, simple, homely, and obviously looked after by servants who are not only well-trained, but have caught some of their master's enthusiasm, which in its turn has begot a healthy willingness to work. And the enthusiasm of Mr. Deane Willis for shorthorn cattle makes itself both seen and felt. On his book-shelves are the standard



MALMAISON.

works on the subject, and on his walls are pictures of the heroes of the past—Brave Archer and Count Lavender, Prince Stephen and Count Victor, Challenge Cup Bapton Victor, and others whose names were once familiar where shows are held. But it would leave a false impression to represent him as being interested alone in shorthorns. He is really a man of very versatile tastes, and not the least of his recommendations is that he is a kindly English landowner, deservedly loved by all who have to do with him, and whose victories never cause anything but rejoicing.



M. Emil Frechon.

LOOKING FOR A SIGNAL.

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SCHLOSS KONOPISCHT IN BOHEMIA.

BENESCHAU is a small but thrifty country town of Northern Bohemia, which lies a little way south of Prague, on the direct railway line to Vienna, *via* Gmund. But little visited in former days, Beneschau has latterly attracted a good deal of attention among travellers, especially Austrians and Germans. In the summer, the stationmaster of Beneschau is sometimes quite a busy man, and the postmaster has plenty to do now all the year round, particularly, of course, when the imperial and royal owner of Konopischt is "at home." For the residential castle of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the Heir Apparent of the Austro-Hungarian throne, and of his consort, lies on a wooded hill, within an easy walk of Beneschau railway station, and this fact sufficiently explains the increasing number of visitors, also the greater activity of the somewhat somnolent Bohemian townlet.

Konopischt is the favourite residence of his Imperial and Royal Highness, and it was hither that he took his bride, the lovely Princess of Hohenberg, to whom he was married on July 1st, 1900, in the chapel of Schloss Reichstadt, overlooking the town of the same name, which gave Napoleon the ducal title for his only son, the Napoleon II. of history.

Archduke Franz Ferdinand acquired Konopischt from the late Prince Lobkovitz—the head of a famous feudal Bohemian house—who had himself inherited the large estate from the wealthy and eccentric Count Vitby. The latter led a somewhat

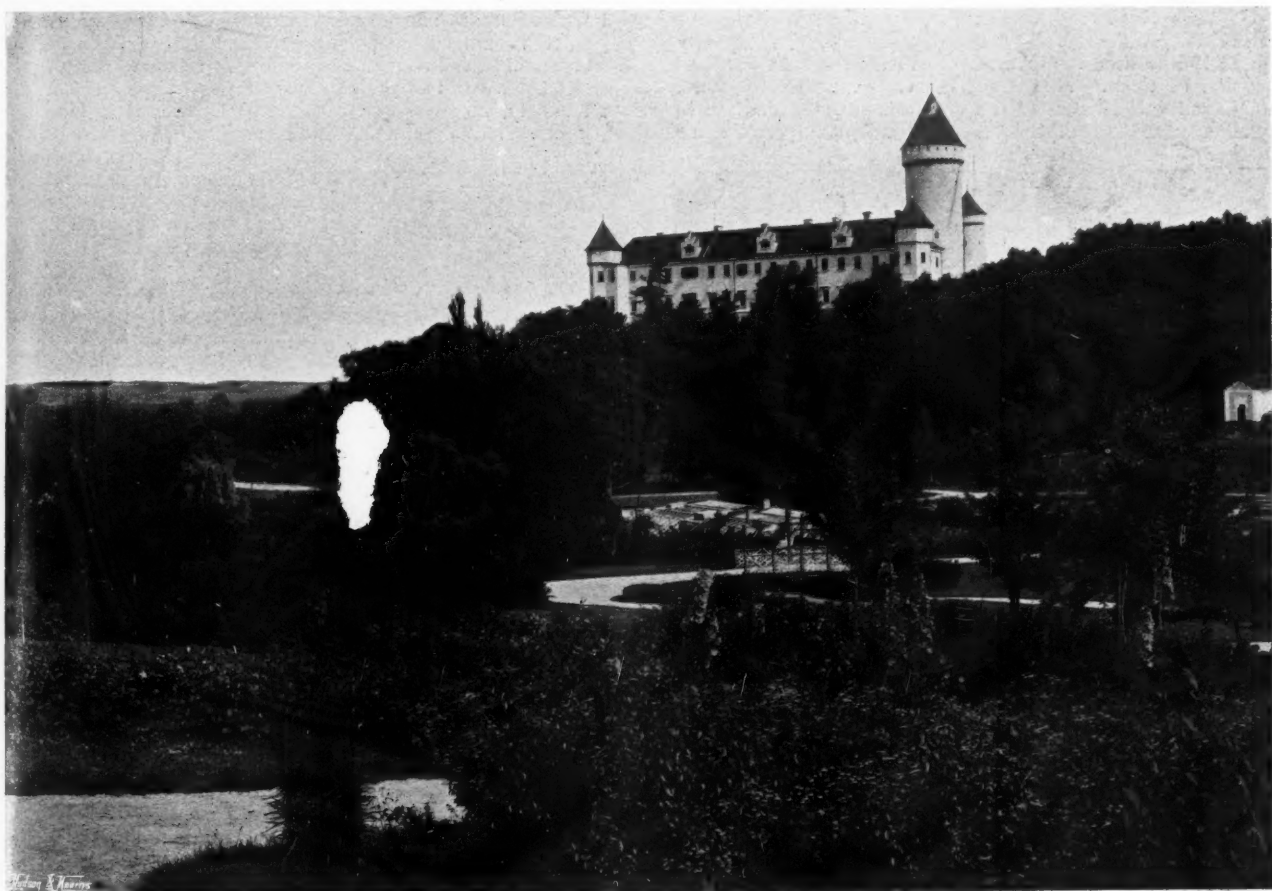
strange life at Konopischt; a philosopher, "far from the madding crowd," he neglected the Schloss for his books and his studies.

Prince Lobkovitz, to whom he bequeathed Konopischt, without the former ever knowing why, was altogether a different man. He made various improvements, as far as his fortune would allow, which was far from princely, and he had a large family, all born and bred at the castle. But the real renovator and reformer of Konopischt was Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and very little remains now of the demesne, such as it must have been in the days of the great Wallenstein, who owned it at one time, when the Schloss played a not unimportant part in the many struggles in which Bohemia was involved. For the new proprietor of Konopischt is not only a wealthy prince, but he is at the same time endowed with the creative spirit and the art of *savoir vivre*, without which the greatest fortune and the most exalted station are of little avail. If we had paid Konopischt a fortuitous visit, not knowing who the owner was, we might have gauged fairly his character and habits of life, after our delightful walk

from Beneschau to the castle, over hill and dale, and after an equally delightful stroll through the magnificent park, which surrounds the Schloss. The neat and velvety slopes and lawns, the trim footpaths and shapely flower-beds, betray the man of intelligent order and simple taste, like the numerous harts and roes in the extensive deer park reveal the mighty hunter. the



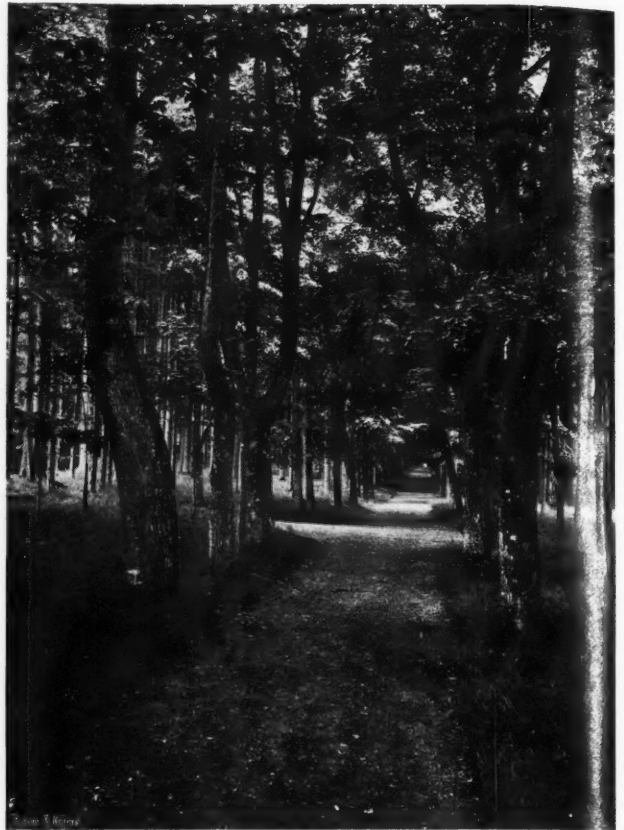
THE COURTYARD.



THE CASTLE AND ROSE GARDEN.

many rare forest trees and choice exotic plants the traveller from afar. As in the grounds, so in the castle itself, which the Archduke has had almost entirely rebuilt, without, however, impairing its picturesqueness. In the quaint castle yard, the eight magnificent bears, which the Imperial hands feed daily at an early hour, form a curious contrast with the snakes in the wall escutcheon of Wallenstein, one of the few things at Konopischt that reminds one of its bygone days. Culture, beauty, taste, and comfort seem to have presided everywhere in the furnishing and ornamenting of innumerable halls and rooms. Each room has its own *cachet*, from the Styrian and Tyrolean peasant dwellings to the Moorish smoking-room, with its superb draperies, and to the Algerian apartment, with its quaint surroundings. Yet everything has been selected and arranged in simple good taste. There is nothing gaudy, nothing incongruous, nothing uncomfortable or cheerless. Konopischt, such as the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne has created it, has been truly described as a museum, a wonderful storehouse of art treasures from all over the world, and out of every century of European civilisation. If Archduke Franz—as he is familiarly styled in his own *entourage*—had done nothing else than the making of Konopischt as it stands, it would surely entitle him to the rank of an artist and connoisseur of no mean order; but it has to be admitted that the Archduke has also been gifted with opportunities for collecting such as few princes, even as wealthy as he, have possessed. His many travels in Europe, Egypt, and the Near East, but particularly his tour round the world in 1892-93, which he undertook in the Austrian war cruiser Kaiserin Elizabeth, at the instance of the Emperor, enabled him to bring back with him a great number of valuable souvenirs. The magnificent hunting trophies which adorn many floors and walls at Konopischt, of course formed part of those souvenirs. The enormous ethnological and zoological collections he had formed during his journeys were exhibited in the Belvedere at Vienna in 1894, and created much interest among the men of science in Austria.

The art treasures of Konopischt were obtained by Archduke Franz Ferdinand in other ways, partly through intelligent purchasing in foreign lands, partly through the lawsuit he gained in Italy against the late King. It is generally known that Archduke Franz Ferdinand is a descendant of the late branch of the Hapsburg family, for which reason he has added the illustrious name of Este to his own. Many people in Austria call him Archduke "Franz Este," his official title being Archduke of Austria-Este. The princes of Este (Modena), who were related to the Guelphs and the Hapsburgs, included in their number many illustrious names of patrons of literature, arts, and sciences, who were known to have accumulated art treasures as varied as they were priceless. When the House of Este became extinct, the King of Italy claimed them, but Archduke Franz Ferdinand resisted it as the next of kin. A lawsuit followed, which the King eventually lost, and it was thus that Archduke Franz Ferdinand obtained possession of them. They comprise very valuable furniture, pictures, and curios, such as the artists of the Renaissance in Italy alone understood how to produce, and the bulk of these



IN THE PARK.

treasures now stud the ground floor and the uppermost floors of Castle Konopischt. But the most inestimable of the Este collections are the swords, the hatchets, the arquebuses, the shields, the coats of mail, and other instruments of war which once formed part of their artistic armouries. Some shields especially are amongst the finest works of Benvenuto Cellini that I have seen anywhere. Archduke Franz Ferdinand, being a soldier before all, has naturally granted places of honour to these glorious works of art from that Italy whose sons remained great artists even in the arts of war.

It is amidst such surroundings that Archduke Franz Ferdinand leads the quiet and somewhat retired life of a country gentleman, with the wife of his choice, the highly accomplished noble lady, and a charming little princess, who is the joy of her parents. Although a cavalry general on the active list, the

Archduke is essentially a man of peace. He loves his home and country life, roaming about the grounds and country lanes alone, or accompanied only by his dogs and gun, barely recognised in his simple dress as a farmer, or, being recognised, exchanging a friendly greeting with his tenants and servants, tending his roses, or discussing arrangements and improvements with his gardeners.

Strangers espying Archduke Franz Ferdinand strolling in the Konopischt Park, or taking an afternoon drive with his wife, would not imagine for a moment that the tall and manly figure, so kindly and unaffected in bearing, is that of the Heir Apparent of the mighty Austro-Hungarian Empire. Yet it must not be supposed that he plays no part in home or foreign politics. The contrary is the fact. At every Court function of any moment the Emperor has him by his side, and the latter usually sends him as his special representative abroad, whether to negotiate a treaty with a neighbouring Power or to attend a coronation or a State funeral in foreign countries. He thus represented the aged monarch upon two occasions in our midst—in 1897 at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, when, riding in front of the late Queen's carriage, between the then Crown Prince of Italy and the Grand Duke



A TROPHY-DECKED SALOON.

of Hesse, the Archduke's noble mien and brilliant uniform of a general of cavalry kept all eyes riveted upon him; and again in 1901, at Queen Victoria's funeral. At this present moment he is on a lengthy visit—a mission of peace—at the Court of St. Petersburg.

That Archduke Franz Ferdinand is also a student and an ardent scholar is shown by the constant correspondence he keeps going with scientific and learned bodies all over the world, whilst his love for pictorial art is, perhaps, most strikingly illustrated by the remarkable gallery of historical portraits at Konopischt, collected and chronologically arranged by the *Schlossherr* himself, and covering the walls everywhere. A mere glance at these canvases reveals the fact that the Archduke has studied art history, and likewise that he is a fervid admirer of his great ancestors, be they Hapsburgs, Guelphs, or Estes. Poor Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, obviously belongs to his favourite heroes. In the library a large portrait of Emperor Franz Joseph overlooks his *escritoire*. The martial spirit and taste of the Archduke are shown in the large number of purely military portraits. Some are by the hand of his brother Otto, the Heir Presumptive to the Throne, to whom and to whose children he is devotedly attached.

"Yes," the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was overheard one day to remark to a visitor, to whom he was showing Konopischt, "that charger over there is the work of my brother Otto. He is, as you see, a clever draughtsman, who might have earned his livelihood as such if fate had not destined another career for him."

A witty remark, which characterises the man of Konopischt perhaps better than a whole volume of words. H. TIEDEMAN.

IN THE GARDEN.

A MAGNIFICENT AUSTRALIAN FLOWER.

VISITORS to the Royal Gardens, Kew, should seek the Mexican house, where *Hibiscus splendens* is in flower. It is planted in a border, is 12 ft. high, and bearing cup-shaped pink flowers 6 in. across. The Curator's description is as follows: "A figure of it was published in the *Botanical Magazine* in 1830, but I have never seen it in flower till now. In sub-tropical regions it would no doubt be an excellent garden shrub. Frazer, who sent seeds of it from Australia in 1838, wrote of it: 'I consider this the king of all the known Australian plants. I have seen it 22½ ft. high, with flowers measuring 9 in. across, literally covering the entire plant.' . . . It is evidently as easily cultivated as *Hibiscus Manihot*, which forms an equally conspicuous shrub in the same house at Kew, and produces large yellow flowers with a crimson eye-like blotch inside."

THE WILD ROSES.

Continuing our notes upon these, the next species for consideration is:

Rosa microphylla, which is closely allied to the Japanese Rose, or *Rosa rugosa*, to give it its botanical name. *R. microphylla* comes from China, and is a sturdy Rose, almost spineless, and sheds its bark, while the foliage is quite handsome and the rose-coloured flowers deliciously scented, followed by large spiny and yellowish fruits. This Chinese Rose is sufficiently interesting and distinct for all gardens of any size.

R. moschata.—This is the botanical name of the Musk Rose, so called from its Musk-like fragrance. Mr. Bean writes of it thus: "When seen at its best few of the more rambling species are more beautiful than this. It is not, however, so hardy as some, especially when young, in which state I notice it makes long succulent shoots during summer and autumn, which are apt to be killed back in winter. Old plants do not suffer in the same way, or not so severely. Its flowers are borne in great clusters, and are notable for their pure whiteness and conspicuous bunches of bright yellow stamens. The best plants I know of this species are growing in shrubberies, where no doubt the other shrubs afford it some protection. It is a native of the Orient and India. The name 'Musk Rose' refers to a perfume which may be occasionally detected in its flowers after a shower, but is never very apparent."

R. multiflora.—This is better known as the Polyantha Rose, which, as all who pretend to know anything of Roses are aware, is the species that has given birth to a glorious race. *R. multiflora* comes from China and Japan, and makes a thicket of growth in a few years, the shrub reaching a height of about 8 ft., the shoots arching over gracefully, and in early summer being lined with blossom. The flowers are individually small, but that is of little account, as they appear in clusters of purest white. Such a Rose as this is of little value in the Rose garden of the conventional type; it is for rough banks, the woodland, or even the top of a wall, to fall over and drape it with foliage, and in the appointed season a wealth of flowers.

R. ochroleuca.—Mr. Bean says of this Rose: "In stature, foliage, and growth this is like the Scotch Rose, but its flowers are of as bright and rich a yellow as those of the Austrian Yellow (*R. lutea*). There is a large group of it in the Rose garden at Kew that flowers profusely every year. Where *R. lutea* does not grow well this will be an excellent substitute. A native of Siberia."

R. pomifera.—The popular name for this is Apple Rose, on account of the Apple-like shape of the fruit. Many Roses have beautifully coloured and conspicuous fruits, but this is as fine as any, as they are about 1½ in. long and 1 in. wide, bright red and bristly. If one wishes for a good display of these showy hips the soil must be well prepared, and the bush helped every year. It is not a Rose for a garden where things are left to grow in their own way.

R. rugosa (Japanese Ro-e).—Of late years this useful group of Roses has become very popular, so much so that few good gardens exist in which one or more varieties are not a feature. This is not surprising when the many virtues of the group are considered. The Japanese Rose is not merely for the flower garden proper, but may be made a formidable hedge if used in rough planting, and to fill distinct beds, that is, to make bold masses of leaf, flowers, and fruit several months during the year. No frost seems to injure it, and it will succeed in a suburban back garden, making a brave show with its glossy green and handsome foliage and almost perpetual display of flowers. There is no blaze at one time, but every day some are open, followed by others, until late in the year fruit and blossom appear together. The type has one fault—its flowers are distinctly of a purplish shade, sometimes a horrible magenta, unpleasant in its freshness and doubly so when on the point of decay. The white variety (*alba*) is a hundred times preferable, but the favourite of the writer is Coubert's double white, a perfectly pure white flower, large, and refined, one of the most vigorous and handsome of all garden Roses. Another good white and semi-double is Mme. Georges Bruant. There are also several excellent hybrids.



A CORRIDOR OF ANTLERS.

One in the Kew collection unnamed is a cross between *R. rugosa* and General Jacqueminot, and there are others, one a pure Rose, without any of the magenta shading so conspicuous in the type. Many other crosses have been made, and therefore in future this group will become even more useful than it is at present.

R. sericea.—This is a Rose of Northern India, and is almost unknown, but it is a lovely flower, especially for the rock garden, where it is frequently very charming before June. It is one of the first of all Roses to flower, and the creamy white colouring is very pretty. *R. sericea* can be easily recognised by the presence of only four petals instead of the usual five. The bark of the young shoots is occasionally quite a bright red.

R. setigera.—This is also known as *R. rubifolia*, and is the Prairie Rose of America. It is a "rambler," vigorous in growth, bearing its large deep rose flowers in late summer; it is valuable therefore on this account alone.

R. spinosissima.—The Scotch or Burnet Rose is the common name for this species. This wild Rose scarcely needs describing, but those who do not know it should make its acquaintance. It is very pretty and distinct, and known by its dwarf growth, bristly stems, small leaves, and white cup-shaped flowers. There are several wild varieties of it, the two most conspicuous being *Altaica*, also known as *grandiflora*, and *hispida*, which grows 6 ft. or more high, and has larger flowers than the typical Scotch Rose. The flowers of *Altaica* are creamy white, and those of *hispida* creamy yellow. On page 80 of "Wood and Garden" occurs the following note about *Rosa spinosissima* (the month written of is June): "Now we look for the bloom of the Burnet Rose (*Rosa spinosissima*), a lovely native plant, and its garden."

varieties, the Scotch Briars. The wild plant is widely distributed in England, though somewhat local. It grows on moors in Scotland, on Beachy Head in Sussex, and near Tenby in South Wales, favouring wild places within smell of the sea. The rather dusky foliage sets off the lemon white of the wild, and the clear white, pink-rose, and pale yellow of the double garden kinds. The hews are large and handsome, black and glossy, and the whole plant in late autumn assumes a fine bronze colouring between ashy black and dusky red."

R. webbiana.—A hardy Himalayan Rose, graceful in growth, and with a mass of bluish-coloured flowers, each about 2 in. across, while the leaves are bluish green.

R. wichuriana.—Although this interesting Rose is of recent introduction, it has quickly become famous as the creeping Rose. It is a Japanese species, quite prostrate in growth (hence the name creeping), and has a wealth of shiny leaves, which have quite a varnished look, and in July and August these are in part hidden by a profusion of white flowers. We have seen many excellent uses made of this Rose. It is a delightful Rose for a bank, and will quickly cover a large space, sending its strong leafy shoots through the grass, and in summer, when in flower, making a strangely pretty picture. Another use the writer has made of it is as a climber for an old tree stump, which it has quickly clothed with its satiny foliage. Of course such a distinct Rose as this has not been forgotten by the hybridist, who is working successfully to increase the list of hybrids of which this is one of the parents. That delightful rambling Rose Pink Roamer is one. It has been planted with happy effect in the Rose gardens at Kew, where it is trained over rough stakes, and in summer draped with flowers, which are almost white, but pass to purplish pink towards the margins. Each flower is 1½ in. across, and its parentage is plainly shown in the rambling growth and glossy leaves. Unfortunately, like many other single-flowered climbing Roses, it flowers only once a year. Jersey Beauty is another beautiful hybrid; but the type itself is quite as interesting as any of its progeny.

A SHRUB FOR THE COLD GREENHOUSE (RAPHIOLEPIS JAPONICA).

For an unheated greenhouse, whether planted in a border or grown in a pot, this Japanese plant is excellent. As an evergreen plant alone it is of considerable value, the leaves being 3 in. to 4 in. long, dark olive green, thick and leathery, but when it is smothered with its upright corymbs of white Hawthorn-like blossoms is the time when it is most appreciated. After the flowers are over quantities of roundish fruits appear, which towards the end of summer turn black. Its cultivation is of the easiest, given a mixture of sandy loam and peat, and thoroughly drained pots or borders. The flowering period is May and June. In the more favoured parts of the country it will grow outside, especially if placed against a sunny wall.

EARLY-FLOWERING MAGNOLIAS.

We have been asked for further remarks about this beautiful race, and comply with the request. In the outdoor garden the Magnolias rank high among flowering trees and shrubs, both for size and beauty of their flowers. The various species naturally divide themselves into two sets, spring and summer flowering. Of these two divisions the spring-flowering is the more ornamental, the flowers being, in the case of many of the species (but not in all), larger, more showy, and more freely borne. In the spring-flowering group the three species, *conspicua*, *obovata*, and *stellata*, are the best, and in addition to these there are several lovely hybrids between the two first-mentioned, representatives of which are *Lenné* and *soulangiana*. Visitors to Kew during April have a good opportunity of judging of the respective merits of these Magnolias, for there are some fine isolated specimens of the larger-growing ones, and several large beds of the dwarfier ones, about the gardens, and all are flowering freely. In addition to the Kew plants, fine specimens of *M. conspicua* are to be seen in several private establishments in the

neighbourhood of London, particularly at Syon House and Gunnersbury House, whilst until a year or two ago fine plants were to be seen in the gardens at Wimbledon House. The great drawback to the extended cultivation of Magnolias is the difficulty experienced in establishing them in the first instance. When once they do become established, however, they give no more trouble than the majority of flowering trees and shrubs, providing they are left undisturbed. When it is intended to plant Magnolias care should be taken to procure plants which have either been grown in pots or have been kept well transplanted. In either case it is of great importance to see that the roots are in no way damaged. A position sheltered from the north and east is advisable, and it is better if it can be so arranged to plant in places where the sun will not shine directly on them before the middle of the morning, as by this means the flowers may often be saved after a sharp frost has been experienced. The ground should be well drained and trenched, adding a good proportion of peat and leaves to the soil. When planting, care must be taken to lay out all the roots possible to their full length, working fine soil carefully between them with the hand. When doing this a sharp look-out must be kept for bruised or broken roots, and if any are found they should be carefully cut off beyond the damaged part, as an injured root if not attended to is certain to die. After planting a good watering must be given, repeating it a week later if the weather is dry. The middle of April is a good time for planting, and if the weather is dry the plants will be greatly benefited by being syringed twice a day for the first four or five weeks. Although the species mentioned are fairly well known, it may not be out of place to briefly mention them separately.

M. conspicua.—In some places this is better known as "The Yulan," it having been figured many years ago under the name of *M. Yulan*. In addition to this name, it has also been known under the names of *M. precia* and *Yulan conspicua*. It is an old garden shrub, having been introduced from China as long ago as 1789. Although it is said to grow upwards of 40 ft. in height in China and Japan, it does not attain half that height here, usually forming a bushy headed tree 12 ft. or 15 ft. high. The leaves are deciduous and oblong, the flowers large, white, and fragrant, the petals being thick and fleshy in texture. They are borne in great profusion from all parts of the branches and are at their best in April.

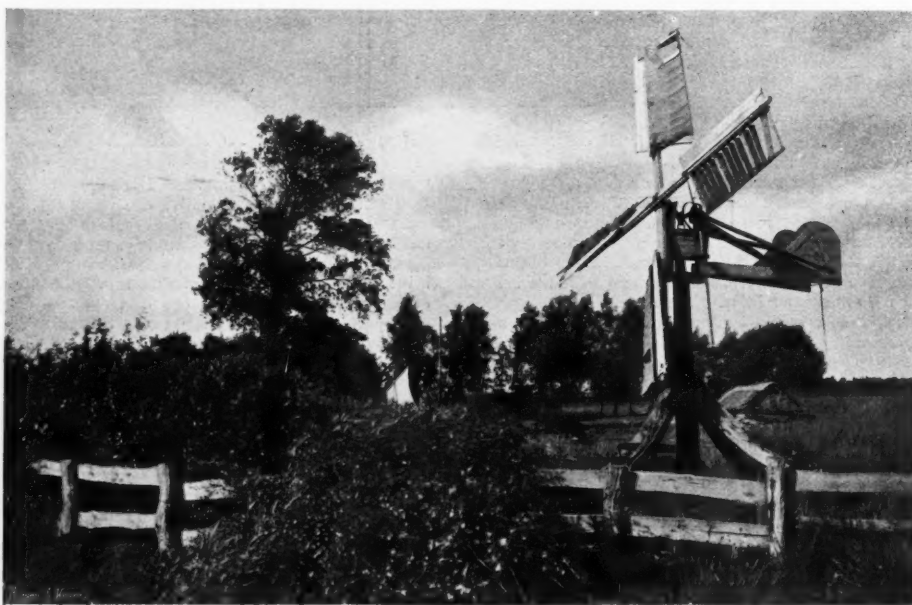
M. obovata.—Like the preceding, this is a Chinese plant, but, unlike that species, is only found in cultivation in Japan. It was introduced about the same time as *conspicua*, but is probably not so well known. It makes a large bush 6 ft. or 7 ft. high, with leaves very similar in size and shape to those of *conspicua*, and similar-sized flowers, which are fragrant, whitish on the inside and purple on the outside. The hybrids between these two species exhibit the characters of the two parents both in stature and colour of flowers. About a dozen hybrids have been named, several of which are very much alike, one of the most distinct being *Lenné*, with large, handsome flowers, whitish in colour, but deeply suffused on the outer side with rosy purple. *Soulangiana* is another very distinct hybrid. It makes a large handsome tree, with fragrant white flowers suffused with purple. A very fine specimen of this may be seen in the Azalea garden at Kew. A form of *Soulangiana* called *Nigra* has much darker flowers. Other hybrids are *Alexandrina*, *speciosa*, *spectabilis*, and *superba*.

M. stellata.—Until a few years ago this was comparatively unknown, but is now becoming a very popular shrub. It makes fine shapely bushes 4 ft. or 5 ft. high with a similar diameter, and bears starry, glistening white flowers in great profusion. The form most often seen in cultivation has semi-double flowers. This is evidently not the type, as several plants growing at Kew have very few petals, and are more like what the type is described as. Like the other species, the flowers are fragrant. In addition to the one in general cultivation there is a form with pink flowers. Like the other species, this should be grown with little or no pruning, as almost all Magnolias are equally averse to branch and root injury. If, however, pruning through damage by wind or other causes is necessary, all cuts should be made as clean as possible.

WINDMILLS.

THE Transvaal War is happily ended, and when the taxes which it has necessitated have been paid and forgotten, we shall probably be reaping large benefits, whose introduction will be dated in history as "from the war in South Africa at the beginning of the twentieth century." Even the worst wars bring blessings in their train. Perhaps the world has never seen a series of campaigns so costly for their age and so inconclusive in results as the Crusades; yet there is scarcely any department of civilised activity which does not date its

first beginnings from the Crusades. And this brings us to the subject of these lines, because we are certainly indebted for our windmills to the Saracens, from whom the Crusading Knights of St. John borrowed the idea for use in Europe; and windmills were erected in France, Spain, and Germany at the end of the thirteenth century. Some writers hold that the Romans invented windmills, but if so they disappeared after the fall of the Roman Empire, and it was left to the Crusaders to restore the invention to Europe. It is more than a utilitarian



THE MODEST PUMP FORM.

debt that we owe to the Saracens, for the windmill is undoubtedly the most picturesque addition which man has been able to make to the scenery of many lands. Even in the modest pump-form of our first illustration it gives a striking aspect to the quiet landscape through which the river winds, inasmuch that, having once surveyed the scene, you will always call it to mind as the valley of the little windmill. But, as a rule, the windmill dominates the scenery as much from its elevation as from its picturesque quaintness. Our second illustration, for instance, represents the historic windmill of Potsdam, and it would not be easy to conceive a more masterful aspect of any human edifice of equal size. In a way, too, the windmill has as much of happy significance in rural scenery as the church tower or spire, which more frequently breaks the skyline in England's wooded horizons; for while these tell of our Established Church, under whose shadow have grown up British habits of "godliness and all comely virtues," the arms of the distant windmill seem always beckoning you to quiet scenes of rural comfort, where generations of sturdy British yeomen have been reared. Look, for instance, at our third illustration, of the windmill at Arundel, in Sussex.

For how many miles of country round does not that familiar landmark lighten the heart of the wayfarer, as the lighthouse on the coast rejoices the home-coming mariner? How much the windmill adds to a landscape is realised by those who tour in unknown districts, for when there is a windmill in the neighbourhood every villager bases his directions to the stranger upon it. You might almost travel round the coast of England guided by local instructions from windmill to windmill, as in autumn you might steer your way across country from farm to farm by



THE HISTORIC WINDMILL OF POTSDAM.

the hum of the thrashing machine. How much the windmill meant to an earlier age is shown not only by the commonness of such folk names as Miller in England, Mühler in Germany, and Du Moulin in France, but also by the retention in place names of the memories of windmills of the past. There is hardly an urban or rural district which has not its "Burnt Mill" locality, while London and Paris with their "Windmill Street" and "Moulin Rouge" preserve the same ancient traditions. In the middle of the seventeenth century, indeed, one of the features of London was the wind sawmill erected near the Strand, from the invention of a Dutchman.

It was appropriate that this enlargement of the windmill's scope of utility should come from Holland, which is the land of the windmill above all others. Indeed, in Holland there would, as a rule, be no scenery at all were it not for the windmills, which with the dotted trees, like big-headed pins stuck into the horizon, constitute one's most lingering recollection of the Netherlands. Who could see this river view at Amsterdam without remembering the windmills? They are usually squat as Dutchmen in figure, yet their widespread arms suggest a wild and whirling activity which strikes a keynote of the picturesque in the flattest, dullest land. Another type of Dutch windmill is that which rises, in our next picture, by the bridge over the Spaarne at Haarlem, and dominates the landscape, as some huge vegetable growth in the tropics may tower aloft above the surrounding jungle, quaint in outline and striking in colour.

Nothing is more characteristic of the lack of precise observation among people in general than that those who are unfamiliar with the working of a windmill may live near to one for years



G. W. Wilson.

A FAMILIAR LANDMARK AT ARUNDEL.

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and take it as their landmark in every excursion, without ever once noticing that its sails change their position according to the wind. Opportunities for such observation will grow fewer year by year as the spectacle of idle windmills without sails becomes more common. In these days of steam mills it is seldom found worth while to replace or even to repair extensively the machinery of a damaged windmill; and so, one by one, these picturesque adjuncts of our rural scenery are allowed to stand, first gap-toothed, and then toothless and limbless, sticking up into the sky like memorials to their dead selves, while some red brick monster of a steam mill, a hideous parallelogram of several ugly storeys, with many scores of small square windows, reared alongside the local railway station, gorges and disgorges streams of grain and flour, with cranes, and trapdoors, and galleries, and special sidings, with shunting



IN THE LAND OF WINDMILLS.

We are always so absorbed in the prospects and opportunities of to-morrow that we seldom notice the obliteration of the facts of yesterday, and the windmill without arms no longer excites comment.

Yet how much mankind will lose when it has forgotten what a windmill was like! The story of Don Quixote will need an elaborate footnote to explain why he thought these edifices were giants inviting him to deadly combat, and how he was worsted in the encounter. No one will understand the simile of an unscientific pugilist "with arms going like a windmill," or comprehend why the fights of schoolboys should be called "mills." When we speak of a "sugar-loaf hat," we forget that the sugar-loaf is a thing which the present generation never see; and how few we are becoming to whom Dickens's numerous topical allusions have any sense! "Drab shorts," for instance—what hint does the School Board give of the appearance and probable character of a gentleman who wore "drab shorts"? With the sugar-loaf and the shorts, and scores of other

interesting things, the windmill with the whirling arms must go and be forgotten.

And when a thing must go, 'twere well it should go quickly



A HAARLEM MILL.

locomotives and everything that is mechanical, prosaic, and up to date. As typical of this stage of the passing of the windmill from British scenery we may take the picture of the mill water at Kennington, where the windmill, rising aloft, renders even its neighbour, the tall chimney, picturesque. Yet it is this same tall chimney, by itself an eyesore in any landscape, which is the conqueror of the windmill, for it is the draught of the furnace which heats the steam which drives the machinery which supersedes the simple use of the winds of heaven. It is true that the principle of the windmill now finds wider application in many fuel-saving devices, and the wind-force may yet become the world's chief supply of electric motive power. But the windmill of the future will be a spidery thing with circular fan of metal, totally unlike the picturesquely solid structure—which specialists would describe as "the frustum of a cone" in shape—that will live in our memories as the chief features of quiet landscapes.



F. Frith and Co.

THE WINDMILL AND ITS RIVAL.

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—not stand upon the order of its going, but go at once. Yet the windmill usually stands upon the order, or disorder, of its going till it becomes a veritable eyesore. Like a maimed veteran it lags superfluous on the stage; and our last picture of the old mill at Burnham-on-Crouch shows how a gapped and cracked and dilapidated structure, with seemingly a whole timber-yard of fragments at its feet, will still stand up against the sky, stared at by the bow windows of thirty-eight-pound tenements of the present era of suburban expansion, till for very shame one would expect its sickety skeleton to collapse upon the ground. When the Martello Towers upon our coasts became obsolete, Government found a use for many of them as *vilia corpora* for experiments with explosives. Perhaps our out-dated windmills may serve some such useful purpose in their demise, and the sooner the better, for a

after having cut his fingers somehow and being knocked over by the mast and sworn at by his mates, he gets to harbour through a heavy sea, having just escaped with his life. One listens to all this most circumstantial tale, which cannot be told under less than an hour with many references to the signs in the sky, and the boats that were passed, and the wisdom in which his mates foretold disaster, and wonders at the childlike credulity from a man who is full of natural wit and shrewdness.

SCOULTON MERE.

IT was my good fortune, a few days ago, to be given permission to visit Scoulton Mere in Norfolk, the home in summer of the black-headed gull (*Larus ridibundus*). The breeding-places of this species of gull are few, and the Mere

at Scoulton is described as the largest in England. Another, much smaller and more recent, is at Hoveton Broad, also in Norfolk. This colony is supposed to have come from the Martham district, and to have descended from the old colony at Horsey. At Scoulton the gulls always breed on the same point of an island in the Mere which is known as the "hearth." The first lot of eggs are taken by the keeper in charge of the Mere, and these fetch 1s. a dozen. It is said that as many as 44,000 eggs have been taken in one year. This year, however, the number has been limited to 1,000, as last year the gulls left suddenly, without having any young, several weeks before their usual date. The reason for their departure is not positively known; some say foxes were the cause, but more probably the eggs were taken for too long, and those laid late in the season were not fertile. A few gulls arrive in February, but the bulk do not come till the middle of March, and even then do not settle on the island till the middle of April. There is a saying amongst the village folk that they come regularly on March 7th, but, as with all migratory birds, the date of arrival differs from year to year. The young were formerly esteemed a delicacy for the table, and numbers were taken and fattened annually. The gulls perch upon trees and bushes, and it is a subject of speculation among naturalists whether a practice of this kind, continued for many generations at Scoulton, will eventually alter in any degree the form of the foot. The heads of these birds are brown and not black, as one would imagine from their name. The beautiful colour of the head is only the summer plumage. The young gulls are independent of the nest when two days old, though they do not stray far from it. The gulls are absolute possessors of the Mere during their residence, and will mob an unfortunate heron if he ventures to appear. Y.



J. Valentine & Sons.

A MAIMED VETERAN.

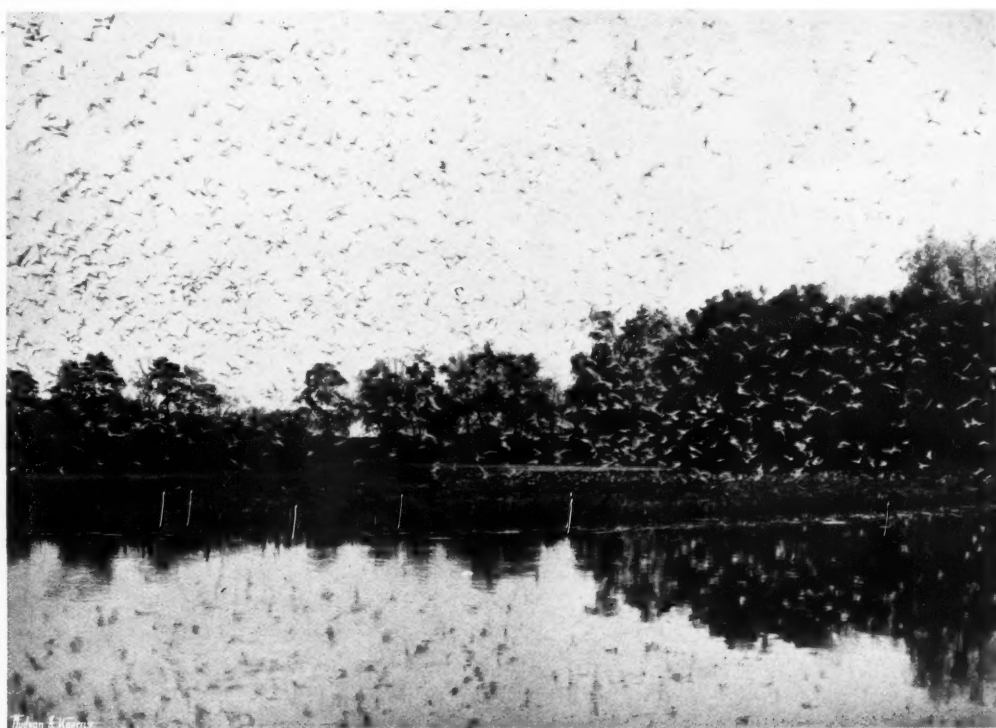
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bald-headed windmill, a stump without arms, is neither utilitarian nor picturesque.

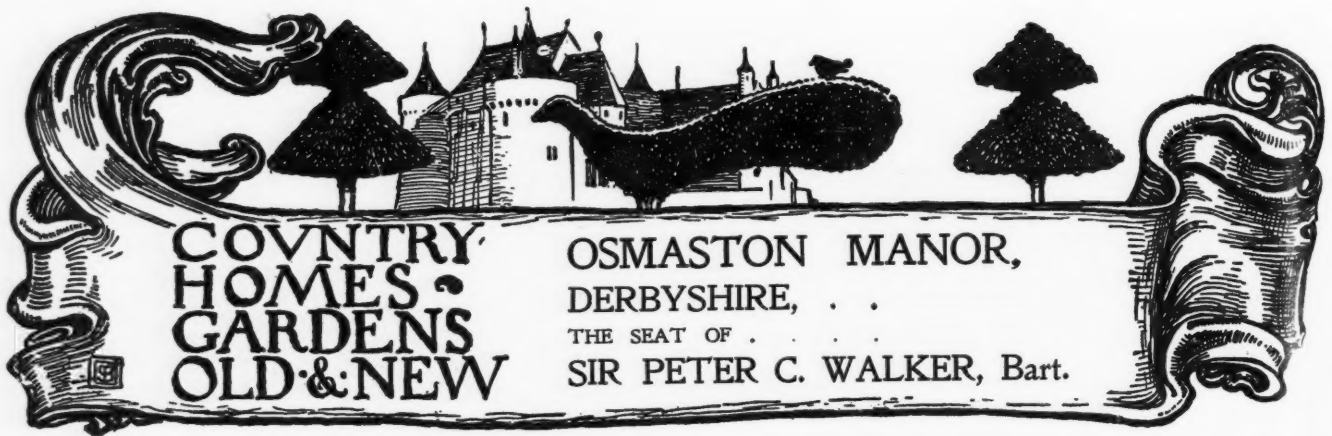
Fishermen's Superstitions.

THERE is no man so peculiarly sensitive to the blighting effects of superstition as the fisherman. It is quite a false idea that he is of a religious temperament which, when living without conventional doctrine, one finds so susceptible to all sorts of spookery. Even though continually facing death, near towns he is markedly pagan, unless coming under Salvation Army influences, so that his superstitions are of a specially

They are so multitudinous and deep-bewildering and primitive character, rooted that they produce reflections on what effect religion or education can possibly have produced beyond the merest veneer. Scratch any man and a savage is revealed, and under a fisherman of board schools and evening papers lies a remote ancestry who read the stars and feared the supernatural in every form, and found it in details of life so trivial that it is quite impossible to trace connections or imagine the source of legends. The fisherman will put back from sea for the slightest occurrence, and on the chance of rough weather will use the most ridiculous pretexts to excuse his seeming pusillanimity. There are some communities near towns which always seem the most easily infected by fears. To meet a woman going to the boat in the early morning is a certain sign of misfortune. For the first mishap he will tell you he slipped going down the cobbled way and his lines got tangled. After infinite trouble this was rectified, but possibly getting into the boat he would twist his leg, then an oar would drop overboard, then the wind rose and the sail refused to be adjusted. Then at sea he cast his line, but it got fastened to another man's, or caught by a trawler or among the rocks, and after having lost a good part of it, the remainder was pulled up to exhibit as his catch a few starfish. He may cast it again, but the result is only what he expected—*nil*. Disheartened, he thinks he will go and pull up his crab pot, which was set a few days ago. He finds the mark of its whereabouts gone and cannot trace it this time. Finally,



A CLOUD OF WHITE WINGS.



DERBYSHIRE, that "amphitheatre of renowned persons," is famous for many other things besides the merits of those who have distinguished it. It is extremely rich in the glories of its varied scenery, which has a great gamut of attractions, passing from the majesty of the mighty masses of the lonely hills on the millstone grit, through the ravishing beauty of the pastoral dales, embosomed in foliage, to the rugged grandeur of the magnificent limestone gorges. The old town of Ashbourne, near which Osmaston Manor stands, is the centre of one of the most interesting districts in the county—on the borders of Staffordshire also. Pleasant, peaceful, restful, anglers' Ashbourne! Classic portal to the waters of the famous Dove, held sacred by every follower of Walton and Cotton, that immortal twain; a town of which the fond disciple and minstrel of the dale tells us quaintly that it was celebrated of yore for the best of malt and the worst of ale in all England. In that market-place, to which the scent of neighbouring hayfields seems to be borne, and where hale, stalwart, homely men talk much of crops and cattle, was Prince Charles Edward proclaimed King of

England. Some changes have passed over the scene since then, but still the Green Man is there, with its wide gateway, from which Boswell set forth in a post-chaise in 1777. With him went the God-speed of hostess Killingley, "a mighty civil gentlewoman," who presented him with an "engraved sign of her house," thanking him for his favours, and soliciting a "continuance of the same," with a notification that it would be "a singular favour conferred on one who has it not in her power to make any other return but her most grateful thanks and sincerest prayers for his happiness in time, and a blessed eternity."

It is an attractive picture that Boswell gives us of his setting forth from the Green Man at Ashbourne—the town of the lovely spire, "pride of the Peak." We also may set out from Ashbourne on our visit to Osmaston Manor House. We do not forget, as we journey thither, that there are notable places all about us on both sides of the Dove. It is the country of Adam Bede. Ashbourne itself is the "Oakburn" of the story, Dovedale appears there as "Eagledale," neighbouring Ellaston is "Hayslope," in which the incidents are laid, and there is the farm of immortal





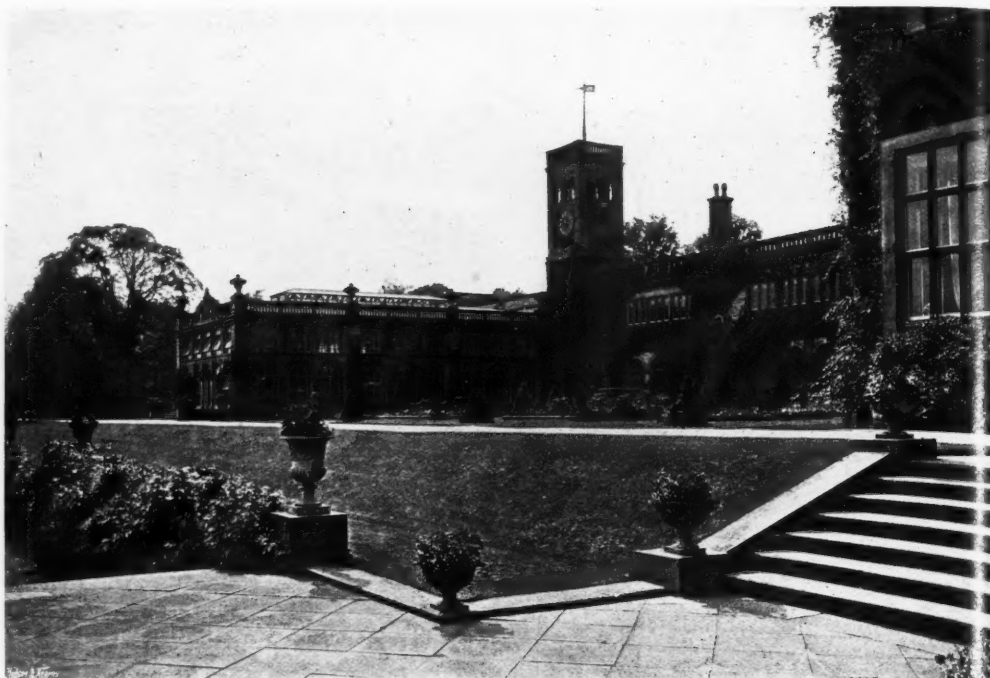
"COUNTRY LIFE."

A VIEW FROM LADY WALKER'S ROOM.

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Mrs. Poyser. There are great houses hereabout, too, and interesting places—Alton Towers, Okeover, Ilam Hall, Tissington, and others—and behind us lies the bewitching gorge of the Dove. So do we make our way to the house of Sir Peter Walker. It must be observed that the Osmaston of our quest requires to be distinguished from another place of the same name in the same county, near Derby, and, indeed, it was formerly distinguished by the title of Osmaston in the Wood. Both Osmastons have been made notable by the possession of great houses, but, while Osmaston Hall, near Derby, once a seat of the Wilmots of Chaddesden, has been sold, with its woods and grounds, to the Midland Railway Company, and all its art treasures removed, Osmaston Manor House, near Ashbourne, has seen no changes, save such as add year by year to its beauties. The great house of Sir Peter Walker is indeed upon a truly grand scale, and is a magnificent example of that class of mansion in which wealthy Englishmen delight to dwell.

It was greatly valued and much adorned by his father, that munificent public benefactor Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, who died in 1893, and of whom it would be unpardonable not to say something here. Sir Andrew Walker was the son of Mr. Peter Walker, and of his wife, who was a daughter of Mr. Arthur Carlaw of Ayr. The future baronet was born at Ayr, and those who look at our pictures of Osmaston may be



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SOUTH-EAST TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

interested to note that there is something of Scotch character in the great broad tower. After being educated at his native place, and at the Liverpool Institute, Andrew Barclay Walker joined his father in the famous brewing business, and became extremely wealthy. He was several times Mayor of Liverpool, and High Sheriff of Lancashire in 1886. At his sole charge, and at a cost of upwards of £40,000, he built the great Walker Art Gallery, which is a magnificent treasure-house of valuable things, and presented it to the City of Liverpool. Moreover, at



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ARCADE AND PALM HOUSE.

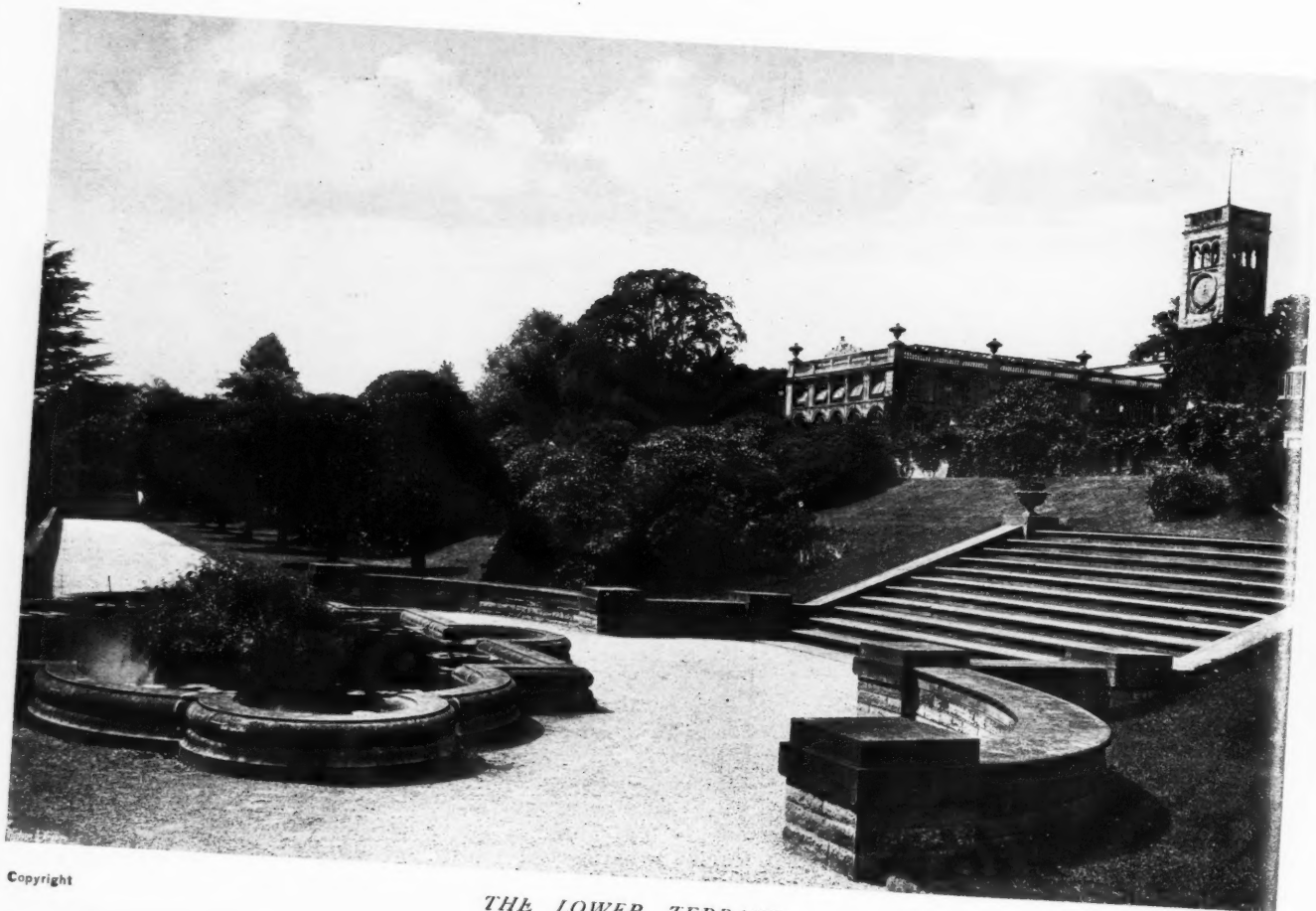
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TERRACES ABOVE THE LAKE.

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THE LOWER TERRACE.

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THE FOUNTAIN COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a cost of £20,000, he provided an engineering laboratory in connection with the Liverpool University College, and spent other large sums in fostering art and letters. It was characteristic of his love of the country that he presented to the neighbouring village of Gateacre, where he had a seat, a village green, as well as an institute, library, and reading-room. In recognition of his public services, he was knighted in 1877 and made a baronet in 1886. He was the first honorary freeman of Liverpool, and died at his house Gateacre Grange in February, 1893.

Although Sir Andrew Walker conferred such benefits upon Liverpool, his interest was scarcely less deep in the lovely country that neighbours the Dove. He had married the daughter of Mr. Okeover of Okeover Hall, on the Staffordshire side, and lavished his care upon his splendid house at Osmaston. The late Mr. Francis Wright of Osmaston Manor, who died in 1873, had built the church of St. Martin there, to which Sir Andrew Walker, when he came into possession, gave an organ, new windows, a mosaic floor, fine stalls, and other elements of ecclesiastical beauty. Indeed, Sir Andrew Walker was one of those munificent and enlightened men of whom England is justly proud, and it is pleasant to be able to illustrate, and in some manner to describe, the great Derbyshire house in which he lived, and which is so much valued by his



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THE SOUTH-WEST TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

son, Sir Peter Carlaw Walker, who, like his father, has been High Sheriff of Lancashire—in 1896.

Our pictures will suggest to the reader that Osmaston Manor deserves to take a very high place among the mansions of England. There is something peculiarly impressive about the great square tower, like some Border fortalice, while the rest of the structure is cast in the right Tudor mould, though in



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THE APPROACH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A GARDEN TUNNEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

perforated parapets and round arches the Jacobean character pleasantly intrudes. From every point of view the mansion is imposing, and it occupies a noble position in the superb sylvan landscape. The material of the structure is blue limestone, with dressings of the grit, and the manner in which the stone is worked lends character to the effect of the flat surfaces of the building. Here and there ivy, wistaria, and flowering plants carry Nature into the structure. The aspect is southerly, and on the west side runs out an arcaded way to the clock tower and the grand palm-house, which is magnificent in the variety and richness of its contents. In the midst of the flower garden on that side stands a fountain, and there are stone-edged beds full of the gay denizens of the parterre. Along the front of the mansion runs a grand terrace, commanding a superb view of the umbrageous country, which well entitled this place to be called Osmaston in the Wood. The stairways which lead down to the lower garden are fine examples of garden architecture, and the effect of coldness is taken off by allowing small-leaved ivy to clothe them. The rhododendrons and azaleas are among the glories of the place. We shall not, however, catalogue the many garden beauties of Osmaston. To do so would be impossible, and the pictures shall be our warrant for the excellence of the arrangements. Let it be noted how magnificent is the view from the house over the lower terrace, with its characteristic ornamental basin, to the green slope, the lake,

the richly-wooded hills, and the far country beyond. There are some characteristic features in the grounds, such as belong to the limestone country. That formation has a kindly attraction for all things that grow, and some of the rock pictures, in their richness of ferns and climbing plants, are truly most beautiful. The tunnel through the rock, from which we emerge into new beauties, is also quite typical of this country, in which rocky cavities and running waters are frequent features in the hills.

Stephen Glover, in his "History and Gazetteer of Derbyshire," published in 1831, remarked that gardens, orchards, and other plantations were numerous in the southern districts of the county, many of them belonging to the nobility, and he cited the princely gardens of the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Melbourne, Lord Scarsdale, and others of which several have been illustrated in these pages. Those of Lord Melbourne, as he rightly says, were a "curious and elegant relique of the old style of horticulture," while Mr. Arkwright's gardens at Willersley were famous for their fruit. He tells us that evidences of the earlier taste in gardening



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A WAPITI STAG.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

were formerly as prevalent in the county as in any other part of England, and yew trees clipped into every imaginable fantastic shape were still to be seen at Kilburne and Ideridge-Hay, these remaining rather as curiosities than as examples to other horticulturists.

The gardens at Osmaston, in their extent and magnificence, are not surpassed in many places in the county. Their style may be described as characteristically modern. Such formality as there is results from the plan and situation of the structure, and from the broad character of the terraces and descents to the lower level. They are notable, too, for the magnificent fruit that is grown, and for the excellence of work which keeps the gardens in every part in the very height of perfection. The place derives much of its charm from the richness and variety of the foliage which clothes the hills, and from the beauty of the ornamental trees in the park. The pleasure gardens cover about thirty-five acres, and considerable improvements have been made within the last few years.

The park is extremely beautiful, and includes land upon the hills and in the hollow. There are four lakes within a short distance of the mansion,



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FERNS BY THE WATER-SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

frequented by flocks of wildfowl, and in one part a fine herd of wapiti, or American elks, is preserved. One of these noble animals may be seen in one of the pictures.

Such an estate as this is a triumph in its way. It represents the best that men can do with the land in which they live, and certainly in that favoured country much can be accomplished that would be impossible elsewhere. The grand natural features gave an initial advantage, and the hand of man intervened to work greater things in the very spirit of Nature. The woods that were there are invested with new richness, and on the slope rises the house as a grand example of the architect's

skill. About it are spread noble gardens, characterised by all that the ripest judgment could bestow, and below and beyond is spread a glorious landscape, characteristically English in its kind. Osmaston Manor House has been fortunate in its possessors. The late Sir Andrew Walker was a man who knew what were the best things in art, and he spared no pains to make his Derbyshire dwelling-place a jewel which it should be a delight to behold. His successor maintains and carries on the work, and the many pictures which we give of the domain will show how great and splendid its features and characteristics are.

THINGS ABOUT OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD.

YEARS and years ago, when the late Shah visited England, he said what impressed him as much as anything was that the English could afford to plant "so many shade trees." Shade trees instead of fruit trees, he meant.

I suppose he saw our burgeoning beeches, oaks, and elms, and felt that a fruit tree might have stood in the place of every one of them. Yet an elm tree is a useful indication, for wherever elms flourish fruit will do well too. You can be certain of that: an elm country is a fruit country. Elms are moderately good in our neighbourhood; so is fruit. But then of

course most of us grow it quite cheerfully in the good old wrong way. Dine at what house you will from October to February and the same very yellow apple with a greasy skin and a red cheek, tasting about equally of mice and straw, meets you at dessert. This is the English country house apple *par excellence* (no doubt it has some other name too), and we are most of us so well trained that we can always eat half of it. A fruit-house at the corner of some damp garden, covered perhaps with ivy, is the very last place to keep apples, and I think straw is the last thing to keep them on. There are charming

airy trays made now, on to which the apples can be picked, and these carried straight to the fruit-house obviate much handling and rolling and possible bruising; the trays fit above each other in tiers and the air passes about them; but still I think something more could be done to keep apples well, without freezing them.

From Russia the idea reached me that a store-house, partly underground, was probably the thing for fruit. I applied to Terry, who got, in Petersburg, designs for the dearest little place to be burrowed out of the side of a hill. If our fine chalk subsoil does not suit this plan, then nothing will; it is so dry and clean to start with. We have already adapted it to make a larder into which a load of ice can be put in summer, and this disposes of the country difficulty about fish and meat. It has enabled us to avoid, by having a whole sheep sent from Wales, the enormous Southdowns that represent mutton in our part of the world. The local butcher was slow to recover from the shock of hearing that we did not like Southdown mutton, and drove out to see me in a very high cart with a remarkably smart horse between the shafts; in a hushed voice he named rows of persons of title who were devoted to Southdown mutton, winding up with our very mild and modest Earl (who certainly has no idea that a chop is not always just a chop). I sympathised with the butcher: I sympathise with any tradesman who has to hear that what is good enough for an Earl is not nearly good enough for someone who is not an Earl; to the English shop-mind this is a hopeless puzzle. Our butcher was irremediably bogged by it—but I took him out to see the Russian larder, with the skinny little Black-face hanging in it; and I even walked with him to the gate and saw him into his cart. He listened his admirable driving



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OSMASTON: FALLING WATER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

gloves, raised his hat, and drove off in a dream. I expect he told his wife that I was a nice young lady, but mentally afflicted.

Now, we only have one hamper of fish every week from Grimsby, instead of three parcels, and it all keeps beautifully fresh and good. After all, nothing keeps so well as fish. I am always amused by the people who won't order fish for Monday's dinner "because the boats do not go out on Sunday, and so it is not fresh." I might have dropped into this amusing error if I had not chanced to be sent to Ramsgate one winter with "a chest." There was nothing to do in Ramsgate except walk down to the harbour every day and watch the boats set out, each with a nice sea-going cat sitting on the iron plate in the lee of the galley chimney. When these boats came in, one could talk to the men and hear lots of amusing things. They mostly stayed out from three weeks to a month. As the fish is caught it is sorted into boxes, the "real sole" being specially cared for. The whole fore part of the smack is fitted with ice-houses and boxes and shelves. Of course a ship cannot afford to come in till she is pretty well full up. Suppose your sole is caught the day after she leaves harbour—well, then, it is a month old before you eat it! Once out of the ice it is hurried up to London and sold quickly, but in a general way we none of us know, as a matter of fact, what fresh fish is. I daresay we should not think it at all good if we did!

However, I am interested to see if the Russian storage system will answer with apples, for, undoubtedly, the Paradise stock offers a tremendous return. The very year after our orchard was planted we were deluged with apples. No doubt if we'd been good we should have picked them all off just as they set and not let them develop—but we weren't good. We picked off one wherever there were two together, and we picked off the malformed ones, of which there were very few—the rest we frankly gloated over. The very nicest were the first—"White Transparent" is the name; such a lovely primrose-yellow apple with that crisp springy quality in the flesh of it and the briskest flavour, and an ideal before-breakfast apple; that is a term the fruit grower ignores so far. He tells you of dessert and kitchen apples; he does not tell you of a morning apple. The next apple I liked (not the next in order of ripening) was Lady Sudeley. She is a winey apple with a very handsome striped cheek. Wasps like her; they make a small hole, take out the whole of the inside, and then sit and wait for you to come and pick what you think a splendid fruit, but what is really a hollow sham. People of a nasty disposition, however, look in first; they then snip the stem with scissors and trample on the wasps' ambush and go away feeling very much better. For apple tarts, we like Bramley's Seedling, Peasgood's Nonsuch, Stirling Castle, and Lane's Prince Albert, all fine apples and easy to grow; but for *roast* apples, "dessert" apples should be used; a fine large dessert apple, *ripe*, taken and covered and pricked over with a silver fork but keeping a well of syrup inside is the right thing. Most corers don't exactly get out the core, with the consequence that one is afflicted with small pieces of "mica," as Father insists on calling it, within the apple. That's bad. But the *best* way to cook an apple is—beginning with a fine just ripe table specimen—to place it in a covered pan with hardly any water, the kind of pan they call "a steamer," and steam it till it is soft; then take it out and quickly make a syrup of the juice with lump sugar and pour that over the apple. It was a maid, an English woman, who taught me this, and it is worth knowing.

To come back to planting fruit trees instead of shade trees; abroad, nearly everywhere, as is well known, they have apples growing along the public roads. In Germany, as a very little person indeed with an abnormal length of slim black stocking, I mounted into a tree upon the highway. The most disagreeable

person I had up to then ever met came and caught me *by a stocking!* And if Father hadn't been just who he was, that odious official would have taken me to prison—so he said. As it was, that apple cost forty marks. This incident gives a cast to my judgment perhaps—for I've never thought it nice of the State to hang out apples, so to speak, all along a dusty white road which has officials with swords concealed about it and a prison at the end. If the State would hang out the officials and conceal the apples one could see something in the system.

But returning to this question of growing apples and upon what stock. It's all the modern haste to have everything at once which has cut at the root of the old standard. As Betty remarked, it encourages laziness in one's grandfather, which is of course a very bad thing. Planting pears for posterity is a very reputable occupation and the true gardener after all is a man of such imagination that with every maiden set he sees the produce shaken from the lofty bough, he picks and bites the topmost apple from the bushel measure. Fortunately, lots of apples won't do well on the little bushes, so the beauty and

dignity of orchards will so far maintain itself. Another thing is that apples get much too big on these gardenised trees, and a too big apple has no uses beyond the show bench. One true test of an apple-size is, *Can you bite it?* Does it suit the arch of the jaw? Now nobody can bite a show apple—the sort of thing that is 18in. in circumference and weighs 1lb. 12oz. (as show apples have done) is ridiculously overbred and overgrown. Another point—Can you put it in your pocket? And a third—Will it lie clasped in the palm of Eve's hand? (With the tendency to grow a modern Eve to fit the modern apple I have no sympathy at all.)

There is something too, to be said for the feelings of the tree. Am I wrong to declare a sweetness, a concentration in the fruit of an old-time standard? I think not. There is a huge tree stands in the paddock of a farm near here. To look at it you might say, "Cox's Orange Pippin," and some sort of pippin it certainly is, but finer far, to my taste, than Cox's. That tree is as tall as the two-storied farmhouse, and nobly girthed as well; one bough leans perilously, supported by an ash-fork. Two carts are kept from the weather below it. Every year my farmer neighbour bids me come and have as many apples as I want. That great tree always brings to mind

these rare verses, and I have said them often in its mellow shade; the writer called them

TREE FEELINGS.

"I wonder if they like it—being trees?
I suppose they do . . .
It must feel good to have the ground so flat,
And feel yourself stand right straight up like that—
So stiff in the middle—and then branch at ease,
Big boughs that arch, small ones that bend and blow,
And all those friny leaves that flutter so.
You'd think they'd break off at the lower end
When the wind fills them and their great heads bend.
But then you think of all the roots they drop;
As much at bottom as there is on top,
A double tree, widespread in earth and air,
Like a reflection in the water there.
I guess they like to stand still in the sun,
And just breathe out and in, and feel the cool sap run;
And like to feel the rain run through their hair,
And slide down to the roots and settle there.
But I think they like wind best. From the light touch
That lets the leaves whisper and kiss so much,
To the great swinging, tossing, flying wide,
And all the time so stiff and strong inside!
And the big winds that pull and make them feel
How long their roots are and the earth how leal!
And O the blossoms! And the wild seeds lost!
And jewelled martyrdom of fiery frost!
And fruit trees. I'd forgotten. No cold gem,
But to be apples—and bow down with them!"



A. Esme Collings.

LADY MARGARET ORR-EWING AND CHILD.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FOR many a long day I have lain under the shadow of an unfulfilled promise to say a few words of appreciation of the work of Mynheer Maarten Maartens. The excuse for the observations is the reissue by Messrs. Macmillan, in a pleasant and uniform edition, of the novels of this wonderful young Dutchman, and they lie before me in a quiet row, *My Lady Nobody*, *The Sin of Joost Avelingh*, *Go's Fool*, *An Old Maid's Love*, and *The Greater Glory*. For the reason why they have not been commented upon before, it is simple enough in all conscience. Other books, more pressing for the moment, liable to be forgotten and dead while these novels grow in the affections of men, have pushed their way into columns primarily intended for books of the day. But those of Mynheer Maarten Maartens are of yesterday as well as of to-day, aye and of to-morrow also, so that it hurt them not at all to stand by for a while and, perhaps, it may have been no bad thing that I should ruminate and reflect somewhat before committing my thoughts to paper. It has at least saved me from the danger of over-elaboration, it has removed the temptation to deal with five remarkable books in a single article, and it has provided time in which to consider what are the really important and meritorious features in the work of Maarten Maartens.

What a wonderful achievement is his, and how high is the compliment which he has paid to the English-speaking race all over the world. He is a young Dutchman rightly convinced that he has a message to deliver to humanity, by which I mean not that he is guilty of that outrage known as novels with a purpose, but that he feels that he has something to say which is well worth saying. To say it in Dutch would have been but a trifle more useful than to say it in Double-Dutch, whatsoever that may have been. True it is, of course, that if he had written in Dutch there would surely have been translators, as there have been of Homer and Virgil, of Dante and Cervantes, of old Dumas, and young Maeterlinck, and, to come down lower perhaps (but only perhaps), of Maurus Jokai. But in translation the brightness and the crispness are necessarily lost more or less, as we all know where our linguistic attainments permit reference to the original. That is why, ignorant of Hungarian, I have written that from Dumas to Jokai was a descent perhaps (but only perhaps). As to the fact, at any rate, there is no doubt, and Mynheer Maartens was clearly and fully aware of it. So, being, like most of his fellow-countrymen, a good linguist and desiring to address the largest possible public in the tongue which was most widely understood, he set himself to work to attain such a mastery of our mother tongue as might enable him to write freely in it. So writing he could at least be assured of an audience amongst his own countrymen, who, as visitors to the Hague or to Amsterdam have discovered with delight, can almost all of them talk English after a fashion and read English quite easily. His success has been extraordinary. In all these books there is hardly a passage that grates on the cultivated English ear, and save for here and there a dignity of language which does not strike the English reader as being quite natural, and an occasionally over-emphasised use of the social slang with which the author has laboured to make himself familiar, you might easily mistake Mynheer Maartens of the Low Countries for Mr. Martin of Oxford. Once I sent a book written in French, by an Englishman who honestly believed himself and was believed by others to have nothing left to learn about the French language, to a Parisian man of letters for review. His criticism was that the French was perfectly correct, that it violated no rule, that it was impossible to point to this or that and to say it was wrong, but that (assuming equal ability) no Frenchman could have written it. That is exactly what cannot be said of these books. Assuming equal ability and knowledge of the subject, they might be mistaken, often for many consecutive pages, for the work of an English writer.

But, apart from form, their genius is distinctly Dutch. It is in fact the literary counterpart of that of the Dutch painters. It is possessed of that minute exactitude, marked by that scrupulous care in detail, which is the leading characteristic of the old Dutch School of Art. With this goes a complete and sympathetic appreciation of the elemental passions of humanity and the world-wide, or at any rate Christian-world-wide, problems of life. Nor is there wanting that robust sense of humour without which

the greatest of novelists must fail to enlist the sympathies of the reader, even though he, or she, may compel his attention by sheer force. Let me take as an illustration *My Lady Nobody*. What could be prettier or more complete than the portrait of Ursula Rovers, the innocent daughter of the Dominé, or pastor, as we meet her first in the vegetable garden, and what interior was ever more carefully painted on canvas than in this quiet home in this word-picture? Equally careful, and effective in its result, is the painting of the house of the Van Helmonts, of the carelessly elegant younger son, the soldier Gerard, of the worthy and excellent but somewhat repellent heir Otto, who has been slaving to pull the family fortunes round in the Dutch East Indies, of their careless and elegant mother with her instinctive aversion to business or to anything vulgar of that kind, of their dilettante father, whose motto in life was "*tout s'arrange*," whose practice in life was to buy every object, no matter how costly, which took his cultivated fancy. Then at a flash Ursula is at Drum, in the house of her uncle Jacobus Mopius, the purse-proud bully, of her sour aunt Mevrou Mopius, who is enduring in grim silence and misery, but still with a certain morose courage near akin to nobility, the gnawing agony of a secret and fatal complaint. There, too, is Harriet, clever, sneering, ambitious, with a hint of Becky Sharp in her composition. It is in Drum, too, that we are introduced into Dutch society, by a series of clever and convincing pictures which show that society, all the world over, is very much the same, save in the matter of clothes and forms. So are men and women. The former may be all that is worthy, as Otto Van Helmont was, yet repellent and fated to be misunderstood, even when they are acting upon cool judgment of what is right, or full of faults and carelessness, as was Gerard, yet brave and attractive, and made of metal which rings true at last. So the agony of an innocent soul brought face to face with a great wrong, as was that of Ursula, is pitiable all the world over; and the great passions produce dire consequences in prosaic Holland no less than in fierce Italy or in impetuous France. In a word, the whole book is full of strong situations, in which the *dramatis personæ* are intensely human beings, whom the reader learns to know and sometimes to love. Far be it from me to attempt to summarise either this story or any of the others. They are all too incomplete, and, like life, too deeply complicated for that process to be applied with the hope of success. But they are all also instinct with the eternal truths of life, and to read them is to be face to face with life in a new atmosphere, described by a master who has an eye not only for minute detail, but for grand composition. CYGNUS.

THE *Monthly Review*, unlike the *Fortnightly*, which too's time by the forelock and came out intentionally before the Coronation, comes out late, and still before the Coronation, though unintentionally. It is an interesting number, but several articles are, from their subject matter, unsuitable for anything approaching to discussion in these columns. That is not the case, of course, with the article entitled "The One and the Many," wherein, in connection with a recent and striking case, a curious little point in the ethics of reviewing is raised, but not, so far as I can see, treated in a very conclusive fashion. What happened was that somebody, having criticised Mr. Phillips severely in the *Saturday Review*, afterwards wrote a slashing article on the same subject, including many sentences used in the *Saturday Review*, and that this slashing article was published in the *Quarterly*. Founded on this are some stray remarks upon multiple and anonymous reviewing, and also upon the question whether criticism of contemporary poetry is justifiable or useful. The real truth of the matter is that there is little room for argument on this point among people of common sense. Signed criticism may be good on occasion, but anonymous criticism is apt to be much more independent. Multiple criticism there will always be until reviewers are better paid. The question whether criticism, assuming it to be just, is just or not is the kind of question which none but a poet writing in prose could possibly raise. Men will express their opinions—whether poets like it or no. "New Zealand and the Empire" by Mr. A. R. Atkinson, a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives, is in the main a ferocious attack upon the sincerity of Mr. R. J. Seddon, the well-known Premier of those very loyal and very democratic islands. It is the kind of article which most people have expected for a long time; but Mr. Seddon may, on the whole, be congratulated on the quality of his assailant. Not to put too fine a point on it, the work might have been done very much more effectively and artistically. It is not to be regretted that it has been ill done, for, whatsoever the truth may be, it is abundantly clear that it is distinctly inexpedient, at this particular moment, to expose Mr. Seddon, even if there be room for exposure. A very fascinating article with illustrations is written by Dr. Arthur Morrison upon "The Painters of Japan." Dr. Morrison is a great deal more learned than

Mr. Mortimer Menpes, if not quite so entertaining, and the papers (of which this is the first) should go a long way to supplement the sadly deficient knowledge of the public concerning Japanese Art. Mr. Alfred Ollivant's dog story, "Danny," continues. It has now reached its thirty-eighth short chapter, but I am bound to say that, taken by instalments, it is disappointing to one of the fervent admirers of the same author's "Owd Bob." The gem of the number is a poem by Mr. W. B. Yeats, entitled, "Baile and Aillín," based upon the ancient Irish legend that Aengus, the Master of Love, wishing these two lovers to be happy in his own land among the dead, told to each of them the story of the death of the other, so that their hearts were broken, and they died. I quote two stanzas for their exquisite melody:

"They know undying things, for they
Wander where earth withers away,
Though nothing troubles the great streams
But light from the pale stars and gleams
From the holy orchards, where there is none
But fruit that is of precious stone
Or apples of the sun and moon.

"What were our praise to them; they eat
Quiet's wild heart, like daily meat
Who when night thickens are afloat
On dappled skins in a glass boat
Far out under a windless sky,
While over them birds of Aengus fly,
And over the tiller and the prow,
And waving white wings to and fro
Awaken wanderings of light air
To stir their coverlet and their hair."

It is not altogether encouraging to English readers or to English writers, but it is none the less a fact that a very considerable proportion of the more readable books of fiction in recent times have come from the pens of writers hailing from the United States of America. There is a freshness about their subject matter and a manliness and avoidance of sheer sentimentality in their treatment of the problems of life, which is sadly to seek amongst most of our home-grown writers. These observations are prompted by two novels, both of them distinctly good, which are published by Messrs. Constable. In the first of them, *The Blazed Trail*, Mr. Stewart Edward White repeats his triumph of "The Westerners" and makes a distinct advance. His story is that of a hero, Harry Thorpe, son of a man of business who ran crooked, who takes to the life of the lumberman, and after almost rising to fortune which is dashed from his lips at the eleventh hour, is saved and made happy and rich by marrying the beautiful girl of his dreams. But the main interest of the book is found in the vivid description of the struggle of the woodcutters in the great pine forests of America against the elemental forces of Nature. Mr. White, in fact, succeeds in inducing the unaccustomed English reader to follow him breathlessly into a mode of life which is entirely unfamiliar to him. The method is Mr. Kipling's, and, in my opinion, it is pursued quite as well as he pursues it. Mr. White lets one know all the little things, the Indian hunter's craft, the weird tools which the lumbermen use, their strange method of life, their strong personal peculiarities; and he can paint a picture in words. Here, for example, is a very fine one involving the death of a timberman, whom one has learned to love, from the breaking-up of a jam of logs, due to the treacherous destruction of a dam above:

"Then the flood hit square. It was the impact of irresistible power. A great sheet of water rose like surf from the tail of the jam; a mighty cataract poured down over its surface, lifting the free logs; from either wing timbers crunched, split, rose suddenly into wracked prominence, twisted beyond the semblance of themselves. Here and there single logs were even projected bodily upwards, as an apple seed is shot from the thumb and forefinger. Then the jam moved.

"Scotty Parsons, Jack Hyland, Red Jacket, and the forty or fifty top men had reached the shore. By the wriggling activity which is a river-man's alone, they succeeded in pulling themselves beyond the snap of death's jaws. It was a narrow thing for most of them, and a miracle for some.

"Jimmy Powers, Archie Harris, Long Pine Jim, Big Nolan, and Mike Moloney, the brother of Bryan, were in worse case. They were, as has been said, engaged in 'flattening' part of the jam about eight or ten rods below the face of it. When they finally understood that the affair was one of escape, they ran towards the jam, hoping to climb out. Then the crash came. They heard the roar of the waters, the wrecking of the timbers, they saw the logs bulge outwards in anticipation of the break. Immediately they turned and fled, they knew not where. All but Jimmy Powers. He stopped short in his tracks, and threw his battered old felt hat defiantly full into the face of the destruction hanging over him. Then, his bright hair blowing in the wind of death, he turned to the spectators standing helpless and paralysed forty feet above him.

"It was an instant's impression—the arrested motion seen in the flash of lightning—and yet to the onlookers it had somehow the quality of time. For perceptible duration it seemed to them they stared at the contrast between the raging hell above and the yet peaceable river-bed below. They were destined to remember that picture the rest of their natural lives, in such detail that each one of them could almost have reproduced it photographically by simply closing his eyes. Yet afterwards, when they attempted to recall definitely the impression, they knew it could have lasted but a fraction of a second, for the real on that, clear and distinct in each man's mind, the images of the fleeing men retained definite attitudes. It was the instantaneous photography of events.

"So long, boys," they heard Jimmy Powers' voice. Then the rope Thorpe had thrown fell across a caldron of tortured waters and of tossing logs."

It may be that a recent visit to the land of the lumbermen gives the preceding book additional charm in my mind, but that cannot be said of *The Battle-ground*, by Ellen Glasgow, which belongs to the period of the War of Secession, and is concerned partly with that and partly with the loves of a very fascinating person called Betty and a distinctly virile type of man whose name is Dan, whose character is decidedly adventurous. Of Betty's face and of the red hair which was the torture of her childhood's days and the glory of her late girlhood, there is a picture affixed to the cover on the outside, after that new fashion in book-binding to which many persons justly object. The objection is, of course, that such pictures almost necessarily get scratched and injured; but there is no denying the beauty of this face, and still less is it possible to doubt the gentle charm of the character which is gradually unfolded in the

pages. Unselfish, reticent in passion, essentially one of the persons who love best all creatures, great and small, true as steel, Betty is a delight from the beginning to the end of the book. So is the hero, a high-spirited scapegrace, whom the time of trial shows to possess the very best qualities. The subsidiary characters, too, are carefully portrayed, and the whole book succeeds in giving one a very clear impression not only of the social life of Old Virginny, but also of the spirit in which the War of Secession was fought. It is a volume to which the reader is inclined to return, and over which the mere reviewer would linger did space permit.

Royal Ascot, by George James Cawthorne and Richard S. Herod (Treherne), is a revised and enlarged edition of the same authors, which is already well known among racing men. Literature, of course, it cannot be called, but there is a nice plain account of the early history of horse-racing in England and of the annals of Ascot itself, enriched with prints of the Godolphin Arabian with his wonderful crest, and Queen Anne and costumes of her period, with portraits of many winners and pictures of many Ascot scenes at various dates, groups of famous jockeys, and so on. In fact, it is exactly the kind of book to appeal to the racing reader, of which it is the highest praise to say that it is well and profusely illustrated, most carefully compiled, and adequately equipped. It is, one may surely predict, assured of a large sale among racing men.

Much the same thing may be said of *The History of the St. Leger Stakes*, by J. S. Fletcher (Hutchinson), the only difference being that Mr. Fletcher is a better writer and more prone to anecdotes, some of which, notably those relating to the famous Jimmy Hirst, are well worth enshrining, even though to some they may be well known. To me, I confess, this Jimmy, originally intended for the Church, but finally apprenticed to a tanner, whose daughter he married, is more interesting than the horses. A man who used to hunt mounted on his bull Jupiter, to take a highly trained pig out shooting with him, and to come to Doncaster Races in a home-made basket carriage, drawn by four Andalusian mules and followed by a tame fox, was distinctly what is termed a character. What is more, he must have looked it; for his dress consisted of a lambskin hat gft. in circumference (at the brim, one hopes), an otter-skin coat lined with red flannel, and turned up with sleet cloth, a waistcoat made of the skin of drakes' necks, breeches of listing, striped red-and-white stockings, and shoes with enormous silver buckles. Mr. Fletcher concludes this amusing description with a sentence which it would perhaps be unjust to construe strictly: "Never, perhaps, was such a curious figure seen on a race-course, nor, indeed, in any other resort of man." That is what I should have thought; but then Mr. Fletcher quotes the author of "Picturesque Yorkshire," who says: "He (Jimmy, of course) was received with wonder and admiration wherever he stayed along; the road to London, but in the London streets the crowds were so thick that it was difficult to make any progress." Unkind people of a sceptical turn of mind, wishing to discredit the story, might be inclined to say that Mr. Fletcher ought not to have accepted this yarn from the author of "Picturesque Yorkshire" without investigation. But then Mr. Fletcher is himself the author of "Picturesque Yorkshire," from which it follows that he has quoted himself in a somewhat roundabout way. It must not be supposed that these observations are in the nature of serious criticism, or intended as a reflection upon Mr. Fletcher's reputation for veracity. It does not really matter, of course, in the least whether Jimmy called George the Third a plain owd chap, or offered him some rare good wine or a sup of brandy and water, or kept his food in the coffin which he had ready long before it was wanted for its proper use, or was borne to his grave by twelve old maids preceded by a bagpiper. But it does matter, and it is certainly a grateful fact, that, apart from records of races which have their special and esoteric interest, there is plenty of good general reading in the book.

Upland Game Birds, by Edwyn Sandys and T. S. Van Dyke (Macmillan), is a distinctly good book of its kind, written by men who are both naturalists and sportsmen of the American type, and by no means wanting in American humour. The birds which give most sport are the quails—which are not quails at all—many varieties of partridges besides the so-called quails, sundry varieties of grouse and of ptarmigan, and various kinds of plover and cranes. It is comforting to find that Mr. Sandys, who writes of foreign game, while perfectly satisfied that the winged game of America is equal, if not superior, to any that we have in Europe, is quite prepared to do justice to the Englishman's capacity for shooting. "While the best all-round shots I have ever seen certainly were American professionals and market hunters, some of the deadliest performers in the field, here or anywhere, are British amateurs, who learned their art in the school of the pheasant, red grouse, partridge, cock, and snipe. It has been my pleasant task to introduce more than a few Britons to the joys of Bob White shooting (Bob Whites are quails), and I frankly admit that some of these (?), some raw 'uns, tied my stockings a *leette* tighter than was good for the circulation. Furthermore, a real British sportsman is a glutton for hard work, a walker from Walkerville, and usually both a good judge and handler of dogs."

The Bares of Blue River, by Charles Major (Macmillan), is a collection of what are called on the other side of the Atlantic "Bur" stories, which may be recommended with some confidence for boys. And that is another way of saying that men will not find it bad reading.

A Book of Essays, by G. S. Street (Constable), is reprinted from *Blackwood*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Cornhill*, the *National* and *Monthly* reviews, and the defunct *Londoner*. Mr. Street says in a note: "I am aware that some critics object to one's making a volume of such things." No wise critic will do anything of the kind, for there is no denying that these little pieces are full of real cleverness and of an unconsciously cynical philosophy, which is very entertaining. They contain, too, some distinctly acute and cultivated literary judgments. But, for all that, after one has read and reread them with appreciative pleasure, they leave an undefined feeling of regret that one who can write so well and with so much of apparent ease should be content to write so little. This feeling is accentuated by the last essay, which is an imaginary conversation between Mr. Street, who has lived through the life of a young man of letters and has found it all emptiness, and another, full of enthusiasm, whom he encounters, with a feeling that he has met him somewhere before, in a country inn. The two go on arguing until they quarrel.

"I walked to the fireplace and knocked out my pipe. Then I raised my eyes to the mirror above the mantelpiece. The young man had followed me, and was looking over my shoulder. In a flash I knew him at last. I had seen that face in a glass many times. 'Yes,' he said, as I turned and faced him, 'I was you ten years ago.' We shook hands silently, and as men shake hands who have met to quarrel. I understood my instinctive antipathy; how often had I cursed his exaggerations and mistakes and folly and idleness, but he seemed to share the feeling, and was indeed the first to express it."

Dog Shows and Doggy People, by C. H. Lane (Hutchinson), is written by

the gentleman who, above all others, is best qualified to fulfil the task. Mr. Lane has bred dogs, and bred them well, has judged dogs, and has judged them justly, and has known doggy people all his life. Moreover, he writes with good taste. The book is very profusely illustrated, and, taken as a portrait album alone, whether of dogs or of people, is more than worth buying.

ON THE GREEN.

TAYLOR does not write on golf as well as he plays it. To say that he did that would be to put him into Shakespeare's company—and good company too. But he writes very well and very lucidly, with an admirable faculty of arranging material that is really rather complicated and apt to get into a mess—like a golf ball, except when Taylor is playing with it. Taylor likes the scoring method on which the open championship is played far better than the match play method of the amateur championship—that is, he regards the result as a better index of the competitors' merits. No doubt he is right, but no doubt, too, four rounds of scoring golf make up a dismal business; and, after all, we assume that we play the game for pleasure. Very likely that is the mistake. But I do think that the editor of *Golf* hits the right nail when he says, in course of comments on Taylor's book, that the real weakness of the amateur championship arrangements is that they leave too much to the decision of a single round of eighteen holes—hardly an adequate test. If each match were thirty-six holes long the test would be fairer; but then we should have to make life longer, in order to get so much golfing as that would mean in it with comfort.

Perhaps things are better as they are than in the dubious state into which we would improve them.

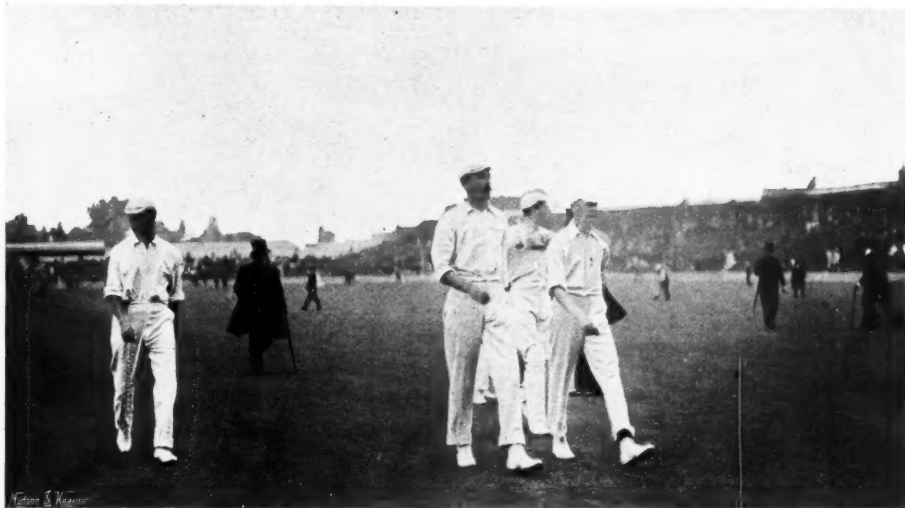
On the principle of Rochefoucauld's great maxim, that in the misfortunes of others there is something not displeasing to us, we can extract a little satisfaction from the news that the competition for the Bombay medal of the Calcutta Golf Club was "spoiled to a great extent by the weather, which on both days was threatening in the extreme, and prevented many of the competitors from sending in their cards." There is something pleasant, too, in the way the thing is stated—"prevented from sending in their cards" is a phrase that by its very reticence and restraint is eloquent of the grief incurred. But the greatest satisfaction is derived from hearing that they can have bad weather in Calcutta. We have a genuine and insular pride in the quality of our British weather, believing it to be an exclusive possession, with special privileges assigned to the East Neuk of Fife. We are much more reconciled to our lot when we learn that those conditions may prevail even in the East that we commonly call "Shiny."

There has been so little golf of late, in the way of competitions worthy of record, by reason in the first place of Coronation business in prospect, and in the second of the illness of the King, who is patron of so many of the chief golf clubs, that annals are dull and golfers should be in proportion happy. Of course America could not rest content with her "Haskell" ball, but has invaded us with a new rubber-filled ball, the main difference between the older "Haskell" and later "Kempshall" seeming to be that the latter has its rubber in strips instead of in threads. It is said to be a good ball, but I have not tried it.

That is enough for the present. There is too much grass on inland greens, too little golf of note by the seaside, too much cricket and other rival interests elsewhere, for golf to be engrossing for the moment. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

FROM THE PAVILION.

"WHAT are the odds about the double event?" was quite a universal question last Saturday morning, the two "events" being the success of England in the test match and of Cambridge in the University match. Either side had a big task to perform, almost identical in size, and either side was playing the fourth innings of an important game, to win which 272 runs were required of Cambridge and 266 of England, though the latter side had already lost the wicket of a good player, Abel. Some declared that the odds were 500 to 1, but declined to lay them; others suggested 12 to 1, but were equally cautious about the laying, till the tape put us out of our anxiety by announcing many downfalls of English batsmen in fairly rapid succession, till at



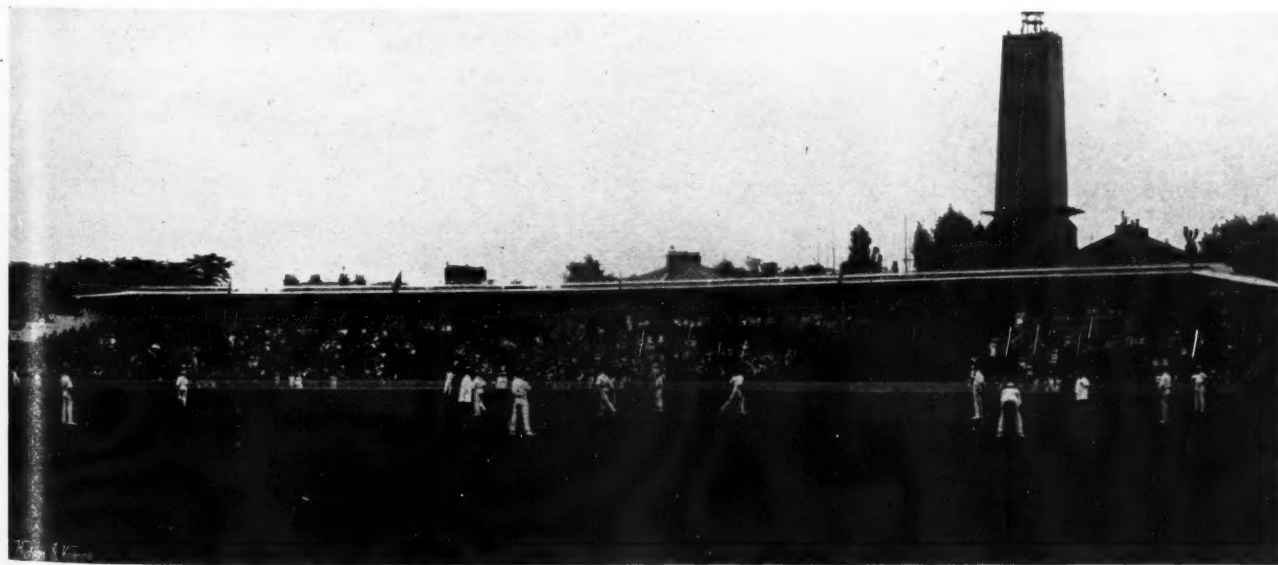
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CAMBRIDGE RETURN TO THE PAVILION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

last came the news that the *coup de grâce* had been administered. There was no mistake about the win, which was decisive, nor was there any particular luck about the match except the luck of the toss, which is an ingredient of every match ever played. It is usual in discussing the causes of a defeat to say, when the question of luck is disposed of finally, that superior batting

or superior bowling decided the day, except on those occasions when the prowess of an individual has carried all before it. It is, however, generally more accurate to estimate as nearly as possible the relations of the batting of either side to the bowling of the other, and hence to draw the simple inference that the English batting was weaker with regard to the Australian bowling than the Australian batting was with regard to the English bowling.



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AN EXCITING MOMENT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It is, of course, sometimes possible to assert definitely, and truthfully, that one side batted better than another, even when it is remembered that the two sides were not tested by the same bowling; but, as a rule, the relation of the attack to the defence, or *vice versa*, can alone give the answer to the question. The Australian honours may, however, be readily assigned to Noble for his admirable batting and bowling, to Trumper, Hill, and Hopkins as batsmen, and to Trumble and Saunders as bowlers. On the other hand, Barnes and Rhodes were the best of the English bowlers, Maclaren being *facile princeps* with the bat, and Jessop, Abel, and Tyldesley his best supporters. Darling failed dismally as a batsman, and so did Fry; yet both are great players, and might get 100 runs on any day and in any match.

Cambridge settled its little business with Oxford in scientific style, and was probably a trifle better in batting and fielding, and so far superior in bowling in that the side possessed two real bowlers who understood their business and did not merely send up a succession of more or less good or more or less bad balls per over. "A cove," says a great authority, "isn't always bowling because he sends up five balls an over." That sums up the question in a curtly humorous fashion. Outside Wilson



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THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

as his fifty runs, valuable as they were. He, indeed, and Gilman were the only men who really hit out and hit hard, though one recognises the excellence of the cricket of Day and Dillon, Eden and Findlay, but the latter pair were ridiculously cautious in their methods. Far more attractive were Evans, Marsham, and Dowson. But that the cricket was as a rule tame may be gathered

from the score-sheet, which tells us that in the course of three full days, wicket and weather perfect, only 917 runs were scored; if we had expected 1,100, or even 1,200, considering the weakness of the bowling, we should hardly have been extravagant. I am prepared for the retort, "The bowling was better than it looked," but cannot accept the statement. Day's carefully-made century was the twenty-sixth yet made in the series, and was his share of 228 made during his stay of about three hours and a-half. Of course it is by no means the highest score recorded; that goes to R. E. Foster, with 171; second comes K. J. Key, who was watching the game from his coach, with 143; then M. R. Jardine, 140; G. O. Smith, who was also present, 132; and at last a Cambridge name, W. Yardley, 130, the only man

who has performed the feat twice, but who died a year or more ago.

One of those pretty little curiosities that group themselves round county cricket and the county list has just occurred. For some time Yorkshire, once head of the list, had been reduced, owing to its defeat by Somerset, thus leaving the pride of place



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THE PROMENADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and Dowson there was no real bowler, properly speaking, on either side, and few people, I fancy, were really surprised when Cambridge wiped off 272 runs and only lost five men in the process, especially as all the contingent circumstances of weather and wicket made batting an easy task, while, further, there was no necessity imposed by time to force the scoring. It is interesting to note, by the way, that an extra half-hour was taken for play daily, and that Cambridge won with an hour and three-quarters to spare, so that this very wise arrangement robbed us of the most delightful incident known to cricket and the spectators thereof, namely, a race against time. Another remark I wish to make, and consider it a duty to make. The amount of pad-play was abominable; some of the best players and highest scorers freely used their pads instead of their bats; one player attempted to do so, and was ignominiously bowled off his legs with his bat over his shoulder, which was a subject of genuine joy to many. I have not pilloried offenders by name, but have no scruple about writing the name of one man who did not so offend and who made a good score—Blaker of Cambridge and Westminster. His free, fearless hitting and honest cricket was as highly appreciated



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MR. K. J. KEY'S COACH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to Surrey and Leicestershire. Surrey, however, victim to both Yorkshire and Lancashire, took a lower seat, and Leicestershire for some days, and for the first time in its existence, proudly headed the list. Then came the fall of pride, owing to a defeat by Notts, and great was the fall thereof, a fall from place one to place ten! It were unkindly to say that the Midland county has at last found its level, so well has it been playing this year, but one may hint, with all delicacy, that the previous state of things was somewhat anomalous. Yorkshire is now back on its old throne, and, if figures be the criterion, its early dethronement seems improbable. W. J. FORD.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

LONDON'S NEGLECTED "COUNTRY."

THE Londoner often affects envy for those who live in the midst of the country's joys; but he makes little use of his own opportunities in that way. The other day I, a pilgrim from the East Coast, wandered through the wilder parts of Richmond Park, and, so far as I could see, had them entirely to myself. On each gravelled drive that I crossed there was a dusty procession of perspiring persons on bicycle, with a sprinkling of toot-tooters in motor-cars, and the object of them all was, no doubt, to "get out of London" and "into the country" for the day. Yet there was I, sauntering out of hearing of the streams of diverging traffic, among birds and beasts and flowers, under the shade of silent avenues, and round the margin of large stretches of wild water, without sight or sound of a human being for an hour at a time, amid natural scenes which were refreshing even to one who lives in the "real country" always.

HALF-WILD LIFE.

Perhaps the ubiquity of the sparrow is a drawback to the wild life of Richmond Park. Its familiar chirp penetrates every glade, and it scuffles for the feathers of the water-fowl along the margin of the secluded ponds. The Canada geese strike a wrong note, too, albeit that they are hands-me birds with fine resonant voices and are thoroughly acclimatised. Still, they cannot by any stretch of imagination be classed as "British," and their presence rather spoils the wildness of the place, as it also spoils the great sanctuary for wild birds which the Earl of Leicester has established at Holkham in Norfolk. Perhaps in time the kindly way in which the Canada goose takes to our British climate may accustom us to its uplifted black neck with broad throat-splash of white as a characteristic feature of English lake or mere, and we may class it with fallow deer and pheasant as a "natural" object of preserved estates; but there will always be a difference in the feeling with which we hear the sonorous call-note of the Canada goose from that aroused by the wild clangour of the roving pink-footed geese as they beat in angled squadrons across the sky. There is just the same difference between the artificial aspect of the lordly pheasant and the genuine homespun attraction of the sturdy partridge; between the speckled beauty of spotted park deer and the striking outline of the red-brown stag that lifts his branched head under the branching trees. We cannot help feeling, in each case of contrast, that while one is an ornate and exotic addition to park scenery, the other, although preserved and protected, comes of genuine British stock and harmonises with its surroundings as to the manner born.

MULTITUDES OF RABBITS.

But there is no need to gaze overmuch at the herds of fallow deer with frisking fawns on every side, at the Canada geese with their whistling goslings in tow, or even at the pheasants that proudly pace the margins of the enclosure, for these, although they most attract the eye, form a small part of the wild life of Richmond Park. Here and there are stretches of bracken which are very wildernesses of rabbits. How numerous they are you can vaguely guess if you clap your hands and see the ground all round explode with rabbits—big buck rabbits, middle-sized rabbits, and tiny baby rabbits that bundle over the ground like brown fluff balls flanked with white.

WATER-FOWL AT HOME.

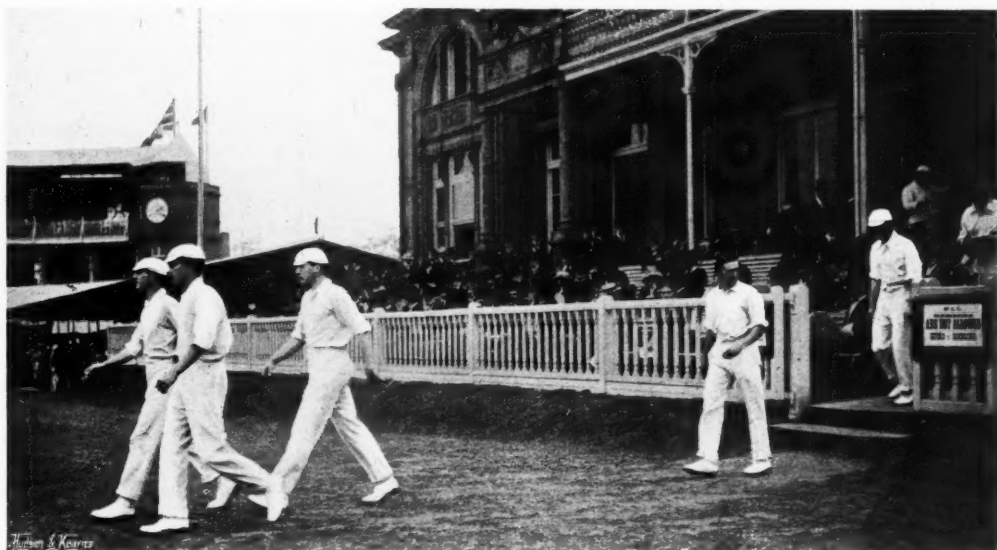
It is a pity that you clapped your hands, however. For at the sound a pair of wary water-fowl have risen at a distance beyond chance of recognition, and a flap-winged heron lifts itself with measured strokes above the corner of the coppice close by, where its presence had been unsuspected. But enough birds remain. The metallic call of the coot echoes over the water of the Penn Ponds, and, drawing near, you see him turning his white-shielded head this way and that, as he petulantly plucks at the water-weeds. In the water the coot looks black and boat-shaped; but when presently you surprise another preening himself on dry land you observe that in the sunlight his plumage is deep French grey and that he stands high upon his legs, ending rather abruptly behind, as though he had had an accident with his tail. His cousin the moorhen, who launches himself from the reeds at your approach, seems a trifle proud of his superiority in the matter of tail; for he persistently flirts its black and white expanse fanwise, as he pushes his way through the rushes and launches himself upon the still surface, which is starred with water crowfoot like bleached buttercups.

STRIKE ABOVE AND BELOW.

Another pretty flower that makes bright pink patches on the sleepy water is the water bistort, rearing its rosy spikes above the surface, where it shimmers most with flies and the ringed ripples of the little fish that try to seize them. Neither above nor below is there any safety for the water-flies; for the air is criss-crossed with the glittering tracks of dragon-flies, hawking to and fro, to and fro, for their filmy prey. There is another side of the picture for the little fish too; as you may know when you see one skiddering over the surface—like a stone that "ducks-and-drakes"—to escape the greedy, goggle-eyed pike that follows swift below. Sometimes a more significant swirl of the water, followed by no such frantic acrobatics of the little fish, suggests where the pike made a surer rush. Presently, too, one of the Canada goslings, in a neat suit of grey fluff, suddenly squeaks aloud and scurries through the water in alarm. A pike, either by accident or design, has evidently caught it by the foot, but found too much body attached to pull it under. Thus that still and stagnant water teems with strife; and, even as you look, the coot has discovered a rival whom your passage disturbed from his ambush in the reeds, and away the two go, scurrying over the water in hot flight and furious pursuit, both "querking" loudly.

BIRDS' QUESTS AND QUARRELS.

As your eye follows the track of the quarrelling coots, their wing-tips dimpling the water on either side, you catch sight of two other birds riding securely in the middle of the expanse. They look buffish grey in colour and swim low in the water with heads poised and shaped more like those of seabirds than of ducks. They are the famous pair of great crested grebes which year after year make the Penn Ponds in Richmond Park their home; but to observe their queer headgear and dainty colouring you need field-glasses, for they are wary fowl, keeping ever in the middle of the larger water. With the naked eye, however, you may watch the red deer contentedly wading in the tepid water while they browse on water weeds, or the poached which dives persistently in the same spot, because every time that he comes up he is surprised to find you still looking at him. On the land you may see the starlings in small companies accompanying the footsteps of the deer for disturbed insects, and note the contrast between the song-thrush's furtive movements under the trees and the missel-thrush's bold claim to dominate the open sward. Yet, if the missel-thrush is young and inexperienced, you may see the jostling starling rob him of



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THE LIGHT BLUES TAKE THE FIELD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

his worms. You may hear too the clamorous protests of the blackbird who objects to the presence of egg-stealing rooks and jackdaws near his nesting site.

MORE BIRDS.

You will see wood-pigeons flashing their white-barred wings as they sweep among the trees, and hear their crooning song from dark recesses. You will hear, too, the jarring family cries of new-fledged jays, and catch a glimpse now and then of their blue-barred wings in dropping flight among the oaks. A wren's excited outcry as you pass a clump of trees, tells you that its children are abroad for the first time, and if you like to look for them you will find them slipping like little feathered mice among the bracken. A pied wagtail hunts a sparrow—one is always pleased to see a sparrow hunted—from the palings in which it has a vested interest, and as you pass into the sunlight the cry of "Wheet chuck-chuck!" exactly like a human whistle and the knocking of two stones together, draws your attention to a dapper little whinchat, perched, with pendulous tail, upon the topmost curl of an unfolding bracken fern, or on some bare point of a low branch. It is the whinchat's habit thus to advertise his presence to the passing stranger, and, but for his white face markings, his ruddy breast, and his boldness, might almost lead you to mistake him for a robin.

A WEALTH OF WILD LIFE.

Even more like a robin in attitude and habit is a little bird which flits suddenly from the overhanging branch of a tree to the ground before you, picks up an insect and flits up again; but a glance at the pretty shades of black and grey upon his head and throat reveals the redstart, in whose plumage also the ruddy hue which decorates the robin's waistcoat has slipped down so far that most of it is displayed upon his tail. Most like the robin of all perhaps is the nightingale, whom you may still see, though you may not hear, in Richmond Park. If you stand still, he will hop before you in some shady glade, every attitude a robin's, and, save for a slightly brighter tinge of russet, he might be an actual robin, until he chances to turn round and reveals a waistcoat of grey instead of a tawny one. The robin himself is in evidence too, of course, and singing once more as other birds grow dumb; but it would exceed my space to describe in detail all the bird life of even one stroll in

Richmond Park. There are chaffinches singing continually; more than one kind of warbler hunting for insects in the trees, and warbling as they hunt, skylarks trilling in the open, and woodpeckers calling from the clustered oaks, where the nuthatches are whistling too, and the tits are piping from branch to branch. All through the long hours of day the cuckoo's two old notes sound now near, now far; and as the shades of evening fall the nightjar's whirring wheel of sound vibrates from many of the groves. Then you may hear, too, the brown owl hoot and catch a glimpse of the ghostly barn owl as it drifts white against the dark background of the trees. A-surely the Londoner needs to go no further than Richmond Park to see wild life in plenty; but he will not view much of it from the gravelled drives where scorchers scorch and motors toot, under a len_thing trail of dust.

E. K. R.



WHY the First July Meeting should always be described as "dull" passes my comprehension; but dull it has been dubbed long before I can remember, and dull it will continue to be called to the end of the chapter. It is to be hoped that it was well considered by the Betting Commission, for I have a strong idea that its so-called dullness is due to the fact that there is less betting at the two July meetings than at any other meetings of importance throughout the year. Why this should be I cannot pretend to say, but it is a fact that, with the exception of two or three races, it would be very hard to invest any large sum on the course, much harder than at many meetings where the racing is not of anything like so high class. Yet the meetings by the long cool plantation are patronised by Royalty and the *élite* of the racing world. They are, however, not the people who bet in large sums. One reason which may have some considerable effect is that the ring is on the opposite side of the course from the private stand and paddock, and also from the cool shade of the trees. The discordant shouts of the ring are toned down by distance, and the odds are not obtruded on one; in fact, one has to walk across the course to find out what they are, and many a man who is not really intent on a gamble stays quietly where he is, talks to the fair damsel beside him, and lets the ring and the professional backer have the heat and the excitement to themselves.

The big race, nominally a ten thousand pounder, resolved itself into rather an uninteresting contest from some points of view, while from others it is deserving of more attention than it has received. The horses left in were certainly not at all representative of the class which has contested this event in some previous years. Pietermaritzburg was a good horse, but has developed a fiendish temper, and had to wear a muzzle. Lascaris, with a considerable pull in the weights, was much fancied, but mainly by reason of his being third in the Cambridgeshire, in which, however, he was receiving 16lb. The Bishop had no pretensions whatever to run in this class. The stumbling-block in the race throughout had been Ian—who if he could have been wound up so as to reproduce his old form would have made hacks of the whole field—a maiden who had been beaten by a head by Epsom Lad in the Eclipse Stakes, having behind him Disguise II. and Diamond Jubilee, unplaced in the Derby after falling on his head, finishing fourth in the grand race for the Newmarket Stakes won by William III.; with Doricles, and Aida before him, all placed by the judge at short heads from one another, finally breaking down when just coming out as if to win the St. Leger. What penalised horse could hope to give a maiden allowance to such form as that? This was, I think, the cause of so many competitors being drawn. Unfortunately, the grandly-built son of St. Serf and Berengaria wanted a lot of work to get him fit, and his leg gave way again. Sir Richard Waldie Griffith is to be consoled with on having to retire so good a horse, for that he was beyond dispute, without a single race to his credit, but at the stud he may atone for all disappointments, for a handsomer, more powerful horse I never saw. His misfortune left Sir Richard Griffith to rely on Veles, and the reliance was not misplaced, for he won handsomely, served, no doubt, by a slow-run race. Veles was not supposed to get more than a mile, yet he won at a mile and a-half. This affords food for reflection. The horse is a strong, compact animal, with a particularly smooth, easy action, who looks all over like staying, but he is a very lazy horse. It may be remembered that in the Midsummer Plate last year, when he started at 11 to 4 on, giving 10lb. to Balsarroch and Andrea Ferrara, Martin had to use his whip in the early part of the race, giving backers a rare fright, yet he won in a canter, though only by three-quarters of a length. He is, moreover, a slow beginner, and has a nasty habit of throwing his head in the early part of a race. He has won some nice races, and has run on occasion exceedingly badly. Is it not possible that at a mile he may be bustled off his legs at the start and never get settled down? When once really set going, he runs as straight as a die, and has any amount of pace. How many more of our horses which are said to have no stamina are therefore condemned to scramble hopelessly over short distances? No doubt the race the other day was run to suit Veles exactly, but at the finish he was going a great pace without apparent effort, and looked all over like getting at least another couple of furlongs.

That we have a great lot of exceedingly bad horses in training is true beyond a doubt, but I do not believe that there is such an utter absence of stamina as the sporting Press are never tired of telling us is the case. If a few more owners would follow the good example of Sir Richard Griffith and give strong sound horses a run or two over longer distances, it would be greatly to the benefit of racing generally.

The July Stakes was hardly what might be called a satisfactory race compared with those of many previous years, but Hammerkop, who won in taking style, may none the less be a good colt, as there is no denying that some of those which finished behind him were a good deal fancied by their connections. We have heard a great deal of Zinfandel, but neither here nor at Ascot did he do anything to justify the statements which have been current about him.

During the early part of the meeting backers did exceedingly badly, notably when they elected to back Khiva Pass against Servitor. It is rather hard to understand why they should have done this. I am not for a moment suggesting anything whatever against the owner of Khiva Pass, who has always

acted in a perfectly honourable and straightforward way about his horses, and I did not go in the ring for this race, so I do not know if he or his partner were represented; but I cannot help wondering what sort of a price a horse would start at if his owner, not being a regular bookmaker, stood by the rails laying the current odds against his own horse. That every bookmaker who owns horses does it is obvious to everyone—he would otherwise be unable to make a book on the race; but it is one of the anomalies of racing, and shows more plainly than anything else the strong faith that racing men generally have in the integrity of the more respectable members of the ring.

The Exeter Stakes brought out a higher quality field than the July Stakes, and here Quintessence earned another winning bracket, beating Sirmon, Donatello, and the Golden Wings colt. The performance was a smart one, the issue never being in doubt, and as the distance is six furlongs, it stamps the filly as being of quite good class.

Sundridge, who was second favourite, secured the July Cup after a good race with Le Blizon and Lord Bobs, in spite of the weight he was giving away. This is a course that seems to suit the horse, and he should be watched in races of this class.

The Stewards have taken time to think quietly over the starting-gate problem, and have issued a notice that if the gate does not act or if the waving is broken there is no start, and the race must be run again. This decision is in accordance with public opinion, which was unmistakably expressed on the subject during the July meeting. This will necessitate the white flag being placed some way in advance, so that the starter may signal a false start, and not be used as at present simply as an intimation to those on the stands that the race has started.

The executive of Alexandra Park are a very enterprising body, and they afforded a chance of seeing a good day's racing to the troops of varied nations assembled at the Palace. The principal race was for the handsome Coronation Cup with a thousand pounds added, and was annexed by Australian Star, who won the London Cup over the same course on which he triumphed on Saturday.

In the Oakley Plate for two year olds, which was made of the value of 500 sovs., backers had a good race, as they made the Clarina filly favourite, being content to lay 11 to 10 on her. She won cleverly in good style. One of the features of the week is the way in which the Irish colt St. Brendan has been backed for the St. Leger on the strength of his victory over Port Blair in the Irish Derby. That Port Blair was fit and well and fancied is conceded, and the ease with which St. Brendan beat him argues him a real good performer. Unfortunately backers have no real test of the superiority of Ard Patrick over Port Blair, and so it is difficult to get a line between the two. Sceptre seems to be ignored, but this is not justified. That at the present moment the mare is run off her legs, I believe—I do not see how she could be otherwise—but there is lots of time to get her round before Doncaster. September is the mares' month, and many a mare has at that time upset all calculations, and Sceptre may follow in the steps of such eminent mares as Achievement, Apology, Jannette, Seabreeze, Memoir, La Flèche, and Throstle. All will depend on how she does in the meantime.

The annual sales at Newmarket begin with the First July Meeting, and a considerable number of yearlings changed hands at fair prices during the week. Nothing sensational was done, but, on the whole, breeders had nothing to complain of. The highest price during the week was that obtained by Mr. Russell Swanwick for Golden Touch, a colt by Cyllene out of Dame Masham, the dam of Fairy Gold and Ashanti Gold. This nice-moving youngster looked well worth the 1,700 guineas which Lord Wolverton gave for him. The sister to Gold Jug, from the Exeter Stud, brought in 1,000 guineas to the bid of Mr. R. Marsh, presumably for one of his patrons. Captain Fife obtained very good prices for his half-dozen, the highest sum being 600 guineas for a brother to Orbel, while the brother to Nahlband fetched 30 guineas less. Lord Penrhyn made a nice buy when he secured the bay son of Persimmon and Pannonia for 930 guineas. That buyers are willing to pay for the stock of that good horse Cyllene was shown when Mr. Dugdale gave 620 guineas for the colt by that sire out of Dart.

At the next July meeting there will be a large number of mares and foals as well as yearlings in the ring. The most important contribution to an interesting catalogue is the string of sixteen yearlings from the Mentmore Stud, the property of Lord Rosebery, mostly sired by Ladas, Velasquez, and Sir Visto, including a sister to Lavengro, a filly from Chelndry by Sir Visto, and a colt by Sir Visto out of Etba, own sister to Ladas. Perhaps the pick of the basket is the chestnut colt by Velasquez out of Seabreeze. Lord Londonderry sends five well-bred yearlings, other contributors being Mr. D. Fraser, Mr. Thomas Jennings, Mr. Nicholl, Mr. F. Luscombe, and other well-known breeders.

MENDIP.



RANELAGH must have the first place this week in a rather varied budget of notes, on account of the International Tournament played there. These matches have an interest apart from the quality of the play, which, if not quite first-class polo, was still very good. But the fact that it was possible for Spanish, Argentine, Californian, and Indian teams to meet on the same ground shows how widespread the interest in polo is. The two most interesting teams were the Spanish and the Indian. In the former Spain and her Colonies were both represented. Then the Duke of Santona's family name is Murietta, and this Murietta family were leaders of polo in the now half-forgotten days when men rode small ponies and dribbled the ball. The name reminds us how completely polo, while retaining the historic name, has changed in character since its introduction to England. The Indian team was also interesting, including the young Maharaja of Bikanir, who rules over the sandy wastes of part of Rajputana, where the men are soldiers, the camels swift and beautiful, and the horses hardy. Bikanir is not exactly a smiling valley, but a territory where he is hard. The present ruler is young and active, of a fine type of the Rajput noble, and with a lineage beside which our De Ros or Le Despenser families

are quite modern. On English ponies and with the dead English turf and a ball considerably heavier than the bamboo root in use in their own country, the Indians made no great stand at first. But during the latter half of their match they began to play in excellent form, showing the command of the ball and that quickness, both of eye and hand, which is so characteristic of the best native players in India. Writing of this reminds me that the Patiala Team—Chanda Singh, Pretum Singh, and Hirn Singh—have won the Beresford Cup at Simla. The ground at Annandale is but a tiny one, and the players in this tournament are limited to three a side. It is satisfactory to note that the famous Patiala team still exists. It shows incidentally that the guardianship of the young Maharaja is in the hands of men who know how to reform without destroying the good as well as the evil. I was disappointed with the performance of the Californian team, for they did not seem to stay, and collapsed after the third period. The final was left to the Spanish team, two of whom, MM. de Escandon, were in the last international tournament at Ranelagh.

The next point of interest in the week was the semi-finals and the finals of the County Cup at Hurlingham. It was satisfactory that the holders of the cup were once more in the final. Eden Park are a club who have deserved well of all lovers of polo. Their victory in the County Cup each year was popular. Of the other team that met them in the finals, the Blackmore Vale, it may be noted with satisfaction that they too were a representative county team. It was a pity that Mr. Hargreaves was not able to play, but Captain Aldridge was an efficient substitute. He is one of those soldiers who are equally keen both at their profession and polo.

Lastly we come to the Champion Cup of this tournament. We may say that a few scratch teams of varying merits were beaten easily enough by the Freebooters. The best of the others—the badly-named Black and Tan—had some good individual players, notably Captain Godfrey Heseltine and Mr. Scott-Robson, but they hardly worked together into a team, even by the final. It was interesting to see the leading American and English players, Mr. L. Waterbury and Mr. Buckmaster, playing together for the Hurlingham Championship. The combination was most successful, and was indeed by far the most interesting feature in a championship tournament otherwise almost



without much to mark it off from the other tournaments of the year. It was unlucky that neither the Old Oxonian nor the Rugby teams were able to play off their ties. With these two and the Freebooters we should have had a championship tournament worthy of the Coronation year.

The Spanish team generally ride English ponies, or at least they used to do so, and all have played frequently on the Ranelagh ground. Thus they had a great advantage over the Indian players, only one of whom, the heir of Kuch Behar, has played much in England. My readers may, perhaps, remember that he played for his University in the match Oxford v. Cambridge last year.

But the other three players missed the quick ground, the flying ball, and the light handy ponies of the East, and were quite two-thirds of the time before they showed anything like their true form. Thakur Bakhtawar and the Maharaja of Bikaner are both good players and horsemen. No sooner did they begin to find out the peculiarities of English balls and grounds than the Indian team, though five goals behind, began to play up. They scored rapidly, and most Indian players are good goal hitters. At the close they were but two goals behind the Spanish team. There has been much interesting play at Rotherham, where the three grounds have been kept in full work. One improvement this club has made is that a plain cold luncheon, well and daintily served, is now supplied to members who order the same beforehand.

An interesting tournament will begin on July 15th, at the York Polo Ground on the Knavesmire. This is the Yorkshire Hunt Polo Tournament open to the North of England, the entries for which are the York and Ainsley, the Bramham Moor, the Badsworth, Lord Fitzwilliam's, Lord Zetland's, and the Holderness. This will be one of the most interesting tournaments played out of London this season.

Another interesting event is the sale of ponies from the breeding studs of Mr. Norris Midwood, Lord Arthur Cecil, and Professor Cossar Ewart. These studs represent the blending of thoroughbred, Arab and native, English and Irish pony blood in the attempt to breed a polo, or at least a good riding, pony. Those who are interested in horse-breeding cannot fail to be struck with the success of these efforts to establish what is practically a new race of ponies, and to do for saddle cobs what hackney pony breeders have achieved for harness.

Those who are sceptical are advised to study these ponies which are to be seen on July 23rd, at Tabley, which is near Knutsford in Cheshire. X.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OTTERS AS PETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is not generally known that the otter makes a most interesting pet, and when taken while young becomes greatly attached to its master. A gentleman residing at Killaloe, at the lower end of Lough Derg, has had a number of tame otters, some of which would follow him about town like dogs, and are frequently taken down to the Shannon and allowed to disport themselves in the river or the lake, when they often secured fish, and would come out at once to their master when whistled for. One, which was a particular favourite, met its death in a peculiar way. It contracted distemper after entering the kennel of a dog suffering from a bad attack. It was a strange thing that a wild animal like the otter should have caught the distemper and died from it.—T. S. B.

SHIRES AT WORK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The photograph enclosed has several points of interest. In the first place I am glad to say that it shows what farmers all over the country have been provided with a fine opportunity of doing, namely, harvesting the hay. A few weeks ago they were almost in despair. Torrential rains had produced an extraordinarily rank growth of grass, but there had been no sun to ripen it, and a bad hayseal appeared to be inevitable. Then came this spell of delightfully sunny weather that has proved so welcome to farmers. Next I think the Shire team is greatly to be admired. It belongs to that praiseworthy patron of the breed and successful breeder, Mr. Leopold Salomons of Norbury Park, Dorking.

After all, the cart-horse is built far more for work than show, and it is always pleasant to see the owner of a fine stud using his mares for farm work. The hay-making operations with stacker and so on afford a curious contrast to the pictures our forefathers were accustomed to, and fit a scene like this, and are agreeable enough to please the most fastidious. Most of your readers will, I think, agree that the photographer has been most lucky to get so much in.—P.

PRACTISING HIS NOTES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I fancy "E. M. P." may be quite right as to his cuckoo with three notes. We have had one about our grounds for the past two years, who always through the whole summer had three notes—cuck-cuck-coo. This summer we have not heard it. Our cuckoo was in North Wiltshire, and well known in the neighbourhood on account of its peculiar notes. It would be interesting to know where "E. M. P." heard his bird. Do male and female cuckoos both sing, as I presume we may call their notes?—SALTHROP, Wroughton.

WOOD-PIGEONS IN GORDON SQUARE.

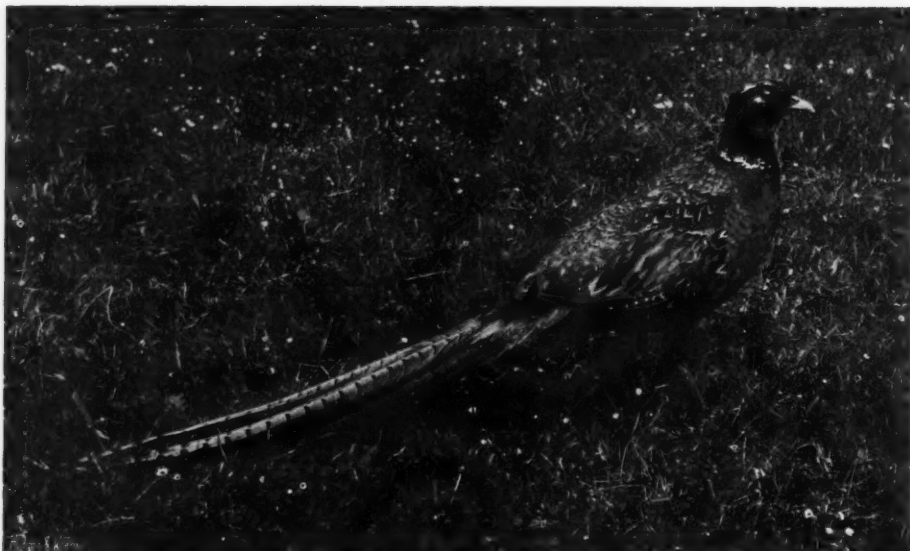
[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—For three consecutive seasons—this included—I have noticed the same wood-pigeons' nest in Gordon Square, W.C., in the possession of a pair of these birds, and only on Friday last I saw one of them brooding over it. The nest is on the leafy stump of a thick branch of the fourth tree from the north end, and on the west side of the square, and is directly over the footway and some 40ft. above it. I am pretty sure I have seen this nest thus occupied even for four seasons, but am certain of the three I have named; it is, of course, impossible to say whether by the same pair of birds. This seems to me a much more marked deviation from the usual habits of this dove than its ordinary nesting and tameness in the squares and parks of the city, and it would be interesting to know if anyone has noticed a similar occurrence. Many years ago, and before I knew of its breeding in London, a pair had their nest in a tree at the end of an hotel at which I was staying, in the main street of a small Northumbrian town, thus showing that their nesting in the vicinity of human dwellings is not altogether unusual.—R. S. W.

A REMARKABLE PHEASANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following particulars concerning a fertile third cross—hitherto considered to be impossible—should interest pheasant breeders and naturalists. The facts are vouched for by Mr. Walter Baily, the proprietor of the game farm at Malvern Wells, established many years ago by the late William Burgess. A two year old Reeves' cock pheasant was penned with five ordinary ring-necked hens. From these a cock bird was reared, which was mated the following year with five ordinary ring-necked hens. This second cross produced seventy eggs, nearly all of which proved to be unfertile. Two birds, however, were reared, one cock and one hen. The markings of the hen were indistinguishable from those of any ordinary hen pheasant. The cock bird was late in arriving at maturity, and when turned into a large field pen with a number of other pheasants, was noticed to refuse to associate with them. His call, or crow, was quite distinct from that of the ordinary pheasant, and equally so from that of the Reeves'. His general carriage unmistakably discovered the Reeves' strain. The head, in the breeding season, was without the feathery horn, and it had much less red about it than the ordinary pheasant has; it had white lines at the side of the top, the actual top being of a red-brown colour,



The neck-ring was clearly marked. The plumage generally was similar to that of the ordinary pleasant, but the golden colour of the Reeves' was conspicuous on the back and sides. The tail was very full, and the feathers bent downwards, somewhat, at the end. The general shape of the bird decidedly favoured the Reeves' strain. This bird was mated in 1901 with five ordinary hens, and sixty-eight eggs resulted from this third cross. These were placed under hens, and one sitting produced one chick on June 12th; another sitting, two chicks on June 17th; and a third sitting, two chicks on June 23rd. The whole of the chicks were weakly, and died within a week of hatching. Nearly all the other eggs were unfertile. In the late spring of the present year the bird caught a severe cold, and died. But the possibility of a third cross proving fertile has been established beyond doubt.—E. S. S.

THE PEKIN ROBIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I quite agree with "E. J. B.," in your issue of May 24th, that the Pekin robin in confinement relishes sweet soft fruit; but it is a bird which above all things likes change in its diet, which is far more varied than that of most soft-billed species. Nor does it care for any kind of fruit so much as for insects, which it is more adroit in catching than any other bird I know. It will take all kinds, from a small ant to a big cockroach or butterfly, using its foot to hold the larger kinds while it pulls them to bits. Among the British insects it has been recorded as eating in confinement are the white cabbage butterflies, the caterpillar of the cabbage moth, and earwigs, all well-known garden pests.—FRANK FINN, Calcutta.

A NEST OF MIXED EGGS—A KEEPER'S EXPERIENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was greatly interested in "S. J. Shuffrey's" letter and photograph of nest of mixed eggs, and venture to send you my recent experience in connection with same, which may possibly interest your readers. I myself have come across two nests this season containing English and French partridges' and pheasants' eggs, and three others containing French partridges' and pheasants' eggs. In two of the latter instances I have let them alone, with the result that in each case the French partridge is sitting on the eggs, due off in a few days. In the other cases I removed French and English partridge eggs into one nest, and the pheasant eggs into two, with the result that the French partridge is sitting one and pheasant one, the other nest being forsaken. The question is: Did I do right in interfering with them? Of course, I shall know results to a certain degree during next week. Last year I had an English partridge's nest containing two pheasant eggs, which hatched off all right, but am not in a position to say whether she reared them or not. No doubt some more able writer will be in a position to give more definite experience on the subject, which I should very much like to read about. My opinion is that English partridges are the best mothers of the three breeds named. I regret to say this season is an exceptionally bad one for game in this part of the country on account of the cold and wet, but trust you have better accounts from elsewhere; which is the wish of one who likes to see plenty of winged game for gentlemen to shoot.—W. W. K., Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

HAND-REARED WILD DUCKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I thought the enclosed photograph of wild ducks might interest your readers. They were originally quite wild, but through taking them from their mothers when just off the nest, they became very tame, as the photograph will show. Last year, finding a nest that was just hatching, we took them and brought them all out on the hot-water pipes in theinery, the consequence being that the little ducks looked upon us as their mother, and followed us about wherever we went. It was a little awkward as they got older, as they wanted to live in the house.—FLORENCE M. TURNER, Hereford.

MAY-FLY AND TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the following may be interesting to some of the fishing readers of your paper, as regards the ferocity of the trout. When fishing in a small

stream in Corvedale, South Shropshire, on Tuesday, June 12th, I hooked a good fish on the artificial May-fly, and after a good rush the fly drew. When fishing the same water again on Monday, June 16th, I again hooked a fish in the same pool, and this time proved victorious. When killed I was surprised to find the fly I lost on June 12th still quite perfect in the outside of the fish's mouth, the same proving to be a fine fish of 1lb.—HARRY WOODHOUSE, Tugford.

THE HAY HARVEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Do you think we ought, in this changeable climate, to rely so entirely on the sun as we do to make our hay for us? Could not ovens be made and artificial heat used when the sun fails?—M. W. F.

[The difficulty is to find a practical suggestion.—Ed.]

AN ARTIST'S HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—“E. B. Lamb” is an architect and not a house-keeper, or he would not put his larder fully exposed to the south-east. I know what my wife would soon say if her larder were exposed to the full rays of the sun from dawn to, say, 2 or 3 p.m.—RURAL AMATEUR.

FELINE AMENITIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A similar incident to that related by your correspondent in COUNTRY LIFE of June 14th has recently happened at The Hall, Meole Brace, Shrewbury. The same family of cats has belonged to its present owners for upwards of fifteen years. At present the cat family is composed of three members—Tom, the stable cat, and the kitchen cat. They are half Persian, and inclined to be wild. The stable cat and the kitchen cat on occasion have fierce battles. The kitchen cat lately had kittens; one was kept. It lived in the coal-place, the door of which was ordered to be kept closed on account of two fox-terriers. Alas! one day the door was left open, and one of the terriers ran away with the kitten. He did not hurt it, and it was duly returned to the coal-hole. The mother, however, refused to notice it. The servants did not tell what had happened, but tried, ineffectually, to make the kitten lap, and at last it died. In the meantime the stable cat had two kittens. To the astonishment of everyone the kitchen cat transferred her attention to these kittens. Both cats suckled the kittens at the same time. Now the kittens are quite big, and their real mother has left them; but the kitchen cat never wavers in her attentions to her adopted children.—FRANCES RAMSBOTHAM.

A WHITE SNAKE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A white snake 2ft. 2in. in length was killed this spring near Horsted Keynes, Sussex, by William Carr, wood-reeve. It was sent to the South Kensington Natural History Museum, where it was pronounced to be of interest as being an imperfect albino of the common snake (*Tropidonotus natrix*). The snake has been given to the museum. The same wood-reeve has been accustomed



to use the fat of adders as ointment with medicinal properties; this use is mentioned by Wood in his "Natural History." It would be of interest to know how far this use is justified, or whether it is merely an instance of the belief in "the hair of the dog that bit you." I have heard of scorpions' skins being in the same way used in Egypt for the healing of the persons stung. If, however, there is any truth in such beliefs, it may be partly explanatory of the symbolism of the snake as a healing power. The only legend of which I have heard concerning a white snake is that in the Ramsay family of Banff, whose ancestor, having boiled down a white snake, and accidentally swallowed a drop of the soup, against which he had been warned as poisonous, found himself endowed with the power of seeing through the people he met. This unusual opportunity for diagnosis established his reputation and fortune as a physician.—M. B.